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Volume CCXLI No. 3122

The SPHERE, London, April 2, 1960

The SPHERE

with which is incorporated THE GRAPHIC

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PREPARING FOR THE BUDGET—THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER AT WORK IN HIS ROOM AT THE TREASURY IN WHITEHALL: On his desk is the famous Despatch Box in which Chancellors carry their secrets to announce them to the Commons on Budget Day. Mr. Heathcoat Amory is due to review the financial situation and expound his tax proposals on Monday next (April 4). This is a change from the custom of presenting the Budget on the first Tuesday of April.

The House of Commons will hear the Budget for 1960 on Monday next, April 4. Since the last war Budgets have normally been presented on the first Tuesday of the month. Had this practice been followed this year, one of the most important annual Parliamentary occasions would have clashed with another important event in the nation's calendar, the arrival of President de Gaulle on his State visit. Apart from this change, the drama which is enacted in the House is expected to follow its usual course. During Question Time, Mr. Amory will enter the Chamber carrying the Despatch Box which tradition holds was first used by Mr. Gladstone when he was at the Treasury. Inside its battered leather frame will be the secrets for which the packed House is waiting. The Chancellor will not let them out immediately. First will come his survey of the past financial year and even some general anticipations for the future. Only after this will he announce his tax proposals. Financial pundits in their forecasts have not been expecting any great tax concessions from Mr. Amory because of the high increase in defence spending on the original estimates last year.

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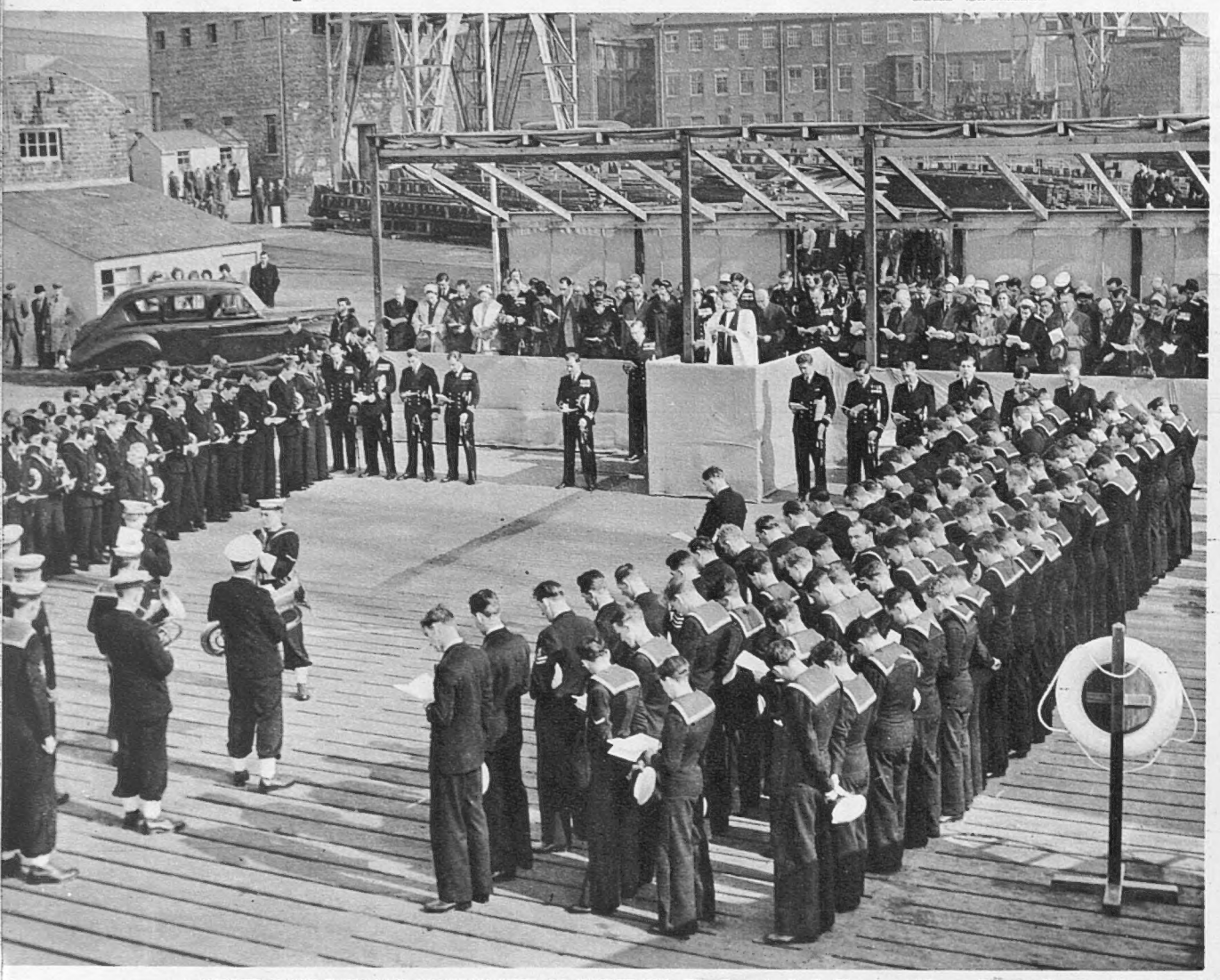


A GUIDED-MISSILE FRIGATE COMMISSIONED AT CLYDEBANK: The Rev. A. G. G. Thurlow, Vicar of Great Yarmouth, conducts the ceremony at John Brown's yard on the commissioning of the frigate H.M.S. *Yarmouth*. The vessel has been fitted to carry the new Seacat guided missiles and is one of the first of the Royal Navy's guided-missile ships.

A London Newsletter

13-15, JOHN ADAM STREET, W.C.2.

Nuclear Disarmament—The hopes of most of humanity revived with the Russian offer at Geneva on March 19 to concede the United States' requirement that " smaller " underground explosions shall be excluded in the proposed treaty for a period of further investigation into detection. Geneva for thirty years has been a word for failure to all who set their hopes on ending the insane suicide pact and death race. Last week hopes increased when Mr. Macmillan announced he was flying almost at once to see President Eisenhower The vicious circle has never yet broken. Always every formula offering an advance has been met with suspicion on one side or the other, always it has been denounced as politically ingenious, a clear effort to " pull a fast one." Nuclear disarmament is accepted as the chief means to reduce suspicion between East and West and it is always suspicion that has killed the means to reduce suspicion. Britain will readily accept the formula, the U.S. has already hinted its suspicions which must narrow the opening avenue. Perhaps in the U.S., the military pundits have a greater political influence than in Britain, except in the matter of current spending. For France and perhaps China, objections are probably face-saving. A year-and-a-half of talks have, of course, only scratched the surface of the problem and involved only the three original members of the suicide club. But, if Russia stands sincerely by her compromise proposal and if the U.S. rejects it, the unproved suspicion that Russia is ingeniously trying to separate Britain and America may very well be proved in result if not in intention. If the vicious circle is not broken by this tiny inch before summer, we may well abandon hope, for all the evidence adduced since 1947, by dire events and by bitter threats and words that Russia desired or intends to increase its world domination by force of arms of any category, would be rejected in a British court of law as insufficient to justify beyond reasonable doubt a verdict of guilty. That surely is true.

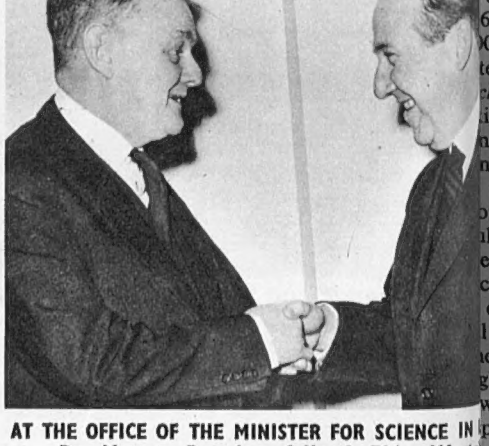
Cement or Paper?—The party system of government is our system. We often hold it out as an example to other nations who are forging their own pattern of government or are not making a very successful job of their own accepted party system. If the party system is to work in any country, it is obviously best that the party not at the moment in power should be a fairly strong, well-organised and reasonably unanimous Opposition, and it follows that the more solid the façade of Opposition appears to be, the better the party system should work. We used to say in World War I that the French 75's appeared to be " tied up with string," but we admitted that they shot very accurately and continuously. Without, then, going back to what happened at Blackpool less than two months after the General Election, I feel that the compromise secured last week by Labour's National Executive Committee, dubbed a triumph for Mr. Gaitskell, is to the good of our parliamentary system and a deal better for the Party than a split. Wonderfully solid, if not permanent, mends can be made nowadays with sticky paper or tape applied to cracks or rents in fabrics. As for Clause IV and its rider, it recalls to my mind a line in one of our Edwardian musicals which always delighted the audience. A melancholy nihilist came on to the stage carrying an object in a black box; and he said: " This bomb is timed to go off at a certain time," and then added, *sotto*, " I forget the time." So with the " Nationalisation of the means, etc." The bomb remains, but the nihilist, whether for convenience or from faulty memory, has forgotten the time for the explosion.

Whose Clothes?—It has been said that the Tories borrowed the Socialists' clothes when the latter party began sunbathing in the desert ten years ago. The new " Labour aims " recently adopted by the National Executive Committee seem at once to confirm and to deny the charge. For example: the Labour Party " seeks to build a world order in which all may live in peace." To this end, " it is pledged to respect the U.N. Charter, to renounce the use of armed force except in self-defence, to work unceasingly for world disarmament, the abolition of all nuclear weapons and the peaceful settlement of international disputes." Unexceptionable ideals, but are they a bright and new idea? In what particular have Mr. Macmillan and his team opposed these ideals in recent years? Their achievements may not have been spectacular, but, Heavens, they have tried. The uncommitted and the wobblers may not all be Solomons in wisdom, but I can't believe this universally accepted gobbledegook will in itself swing their votes to Labour. Then, again, the Labour Party " stands for social justice where the wealth produced by all is fairly shared by all, where differences in rewards depend not on birth or inheritance but on the effort and skill contributed to the common good and where equal opportunities exist for all to live full and varied lives—a classless society from which all false social values have been eliminated." It sounds lovely, though we have heard it before. What in practice does it mean? It seems to condemn out of hand and for ever Earl Attlee, K.G., O.M., C.H., P.C., and possibly Lord Morrison of Lambeth and other life peers who have recently accepted limited titles. If words mean anything at all, in ab poverty and securing equality of all, in sharing e both wealth and opportunity, it follows that Labour Premier and his colleagues will return that percentage of their salaries which exceeds th line fixed for all of us as the minimum we need to full life. Any reward and Honour offered by the of Honour must be refused, as it would run coun " classless " society. All such trinkets must go. I should like to live long enough to observe the putting their aims into practice with the complete they assert. But I don't believe that the wobb uncommitted will so endorse these burning phra promises as to bring that fulfilment in my time. wobble, not from light-headedness, but because the find anything solid to hold on to.

Manners Without Tears—A ver light article in *The Times*, titled " Persuasion," q Australian member of the Department of Externa who had expressed his surprise at the old-world and mid-Victorian style of conversation which h in a remote and isolated Antarctic station. He dis to his amazement, that this remarkable state of af been brought about by the constant showing of *Pride and Prejudice*. This film had done to the m men what decades of education has failed to do in " c cities. True, he makes the not unusual mistake dating Miss Austen, and of dumping her not Early Victorian days but into the days of Trollo the miracle remains, and quite certainly Miss novels are among the very first of classical nov lend themselves to stage and screen production to non-visual radio presentation. Hence " Persuasion " in an article citing this civilising of *Pride and Prejudice* is peculiarly happy. The of Education should quite certainly take note of, action on, this article, and nothing could be be to encourage our young, tough novelists and ang men to educate themselves in the same way. moment, their vocabularies are confined to words up on public lavatory walls, and most of them better by increasing those vocabularies.

Give a Dog a Bad Name . . .—The be something more than coincidence in the as number of fires and deaths from fires said to b oil-stoves, starting from the day on which the from draughts to some of these appliances were " ventilated " with warnings in Parliament. For at least I tried to keep my house warm with supple oil-stoves and I considered them as " safe as They burned steadily all day and night, even house was temporarily empty. They never sm never flared, they kept reasonably warm and dry, draughty house, rooms not centrally-heated. went away for a week-end, we felt no anxiety returned to a house that did not feel like a new vault. The trouble about them was the nuisanc replenishment. And now, after a public wa Parliament, this friendly, family canine pet beca hour a savage Alsatian, dangerous to keep " Give a dog a bad name. . . ." The enormous publicity has no more startling proof than this about oil-stoves in Parliament. Why does not employ its advertising powers more often an to condemn and deter the bank-robber, the road the litter fiend? Why not give these dogs the they deserve—and hang them? Why does Parlia this wonderful talent so often wrapped in thick

A Gesture—At Church House, Westm Conservative revolt demanded, against the advi Under-Secretary at the Home Office, that it sho the discretion of judges and magistrates to birching of violent criminals. There is no reas to suppose that this revolt is more than a gesture vote of the House would be unlikely to endorse the revolt reveals is the despair of many of us a



AT THE OFFICE OF THE MINISTER FOR SCIENCE IN Dr. Meyers, Premier of North Rhine-Westp welcomed by Lord Hailsham. Dr. Meyers wa a visit to Britain at the invitation of the Go to discuss the peaceful uses of atomic

FORMAL ACCEPTANCE OF A NEW TRANSLATION OF THE NEW TESTAMENT: In the fourteenth-century Jerusalem Chamber of Westminster Abbey, the members of a joint Committee of the Churches meet to discuss the new translation of the Bible into current English. The translation is being made by scholars of British universities and is to appear under the title of *The New English Bible*. The New Testament, which is the first part to be completed, is to be published next year. From the left, reading clockwise round the table, are—Rev. N. J. Cockburn (British and Foreign Bible Society); Rev. Professor J. L. M. Haire, of Belfast (Churches in Ireland); Miss Stephanie Chadwick (Secretariat); Rev. Professor C. H. Dodd, of Oxford (General Director of the project; Congregational Church); the Bishop of Winchester, Dr. Alwyn Williams (Chairman, Joint Committee; Church of England); Rev. Professor J. K. S. Reid, of University of Leeds (Secretary of the Joint Committee; Church of Scotland); Very Rev. Dr. G. S. Duncan, of the University of St. Andrews (Church of Scotland); Rev. Professor D. E. Nineham, of University of London (Church of England); the Dean of St. Paul's, Dr. W. R. Matthews (Church of England); Rev. G. S. Gunn, of Edinburgh (National Bible Society of Scotland); the Bishop of Bangor, Dr. G. O. Williams (Churches in Wales); Professor G. R. Driver, of the University of Oxford; Rev. Principal C. L. Mitton, of Birmingham (Methodist Church); Rev. K. Grayston, of the University of Bristol (Methodist Church); Dr. E. V. Rieu (Church of England); Rev. R. L. Child, of Oxford (Baptist Union); and Dr. G. Boobyer, of Riding Mill, Northumberland (Society of Friends).

equate means at the disposal of judges and magistrates eal with these thugs whose crimes still successfully ase and our strong objection to the overriding insistence he mental sickness of the thugs which leaves no athy for their victims. Certainly magistrates and s are not sadists. They are men for the most part of sense and humanity who are ham-strung in their is to find a method of dealing with these criminals. prisons are over-full, the corrective establishments ounger thugs are inadequate in number and efficiency, since the police are hopelessly overworked and under-d, crimes of violence are an everyday occurrence and ospitals are full of victims. Nobody who keeps up current novels, can avoid the conclusion that, still 60, the methods employed in war to train commandos 0 per cent. ruthlessness and the war practices which ted from that training, have preserved a certain *che* and glory in violent deeds and no deterrent seems ist to-day to dim that *panache*. So long as it pays novelist and film writers to advertise and glorify nce, violent crimes will not decrease, and it does to me illogical that the humanitarians who oppose ral punishment make no move to ban the chief lus to violence and largely disregard the sufferings e victims. It is not unnatural that some of us should cate a cure by means of humiliation and ridicule. cure has succeeded in the past very successfully with l nuisances, grave and trivial, from garrotting to ery-yallery fashion. The Victorians appear to have ght that garrotting "set the clock of civilisation ward" and that their cure should attempt to reverse process by all means.

The Flying Duchess—The writer of a recent e in a popular Sunday newspaper stated that Mary, Duchess of Bedford, took up flying only because of her husband's meanness. Her private hospital at Woburn gave a purpose to her life; the Duke put his foot down, the hospital was too expensive; so the Duchess looked round for some other interest in life, and chose flying. What are the facts? I take them from the life of the Duchess written by me and privately printed. The Duchess took her first flight on June 17, 1926, from Croydon with Mr. St. Barbe. By the mid-1930's, she had achieved her then famous flights and used an aeroplane as other people used a car or a train. She died in 1937 on March 22. Her model hospital, just outside the park, was built in 1903. It continued to do wonderful service until near the outbreak of World War II, supported by the Duke's money and by the Duchess's energy and enthusiasm. When the Great War hospital in the Abbey closed down, the Duchess continued to give her time and enthusiasm to her private hospital until her death. It closed down in May 1937. The Duchess died two months before. The late Lord Ernle, who knew what he was talking about, told me in a letter of May 6, 1937, that the Duchess continued her own invaluable work at her private hospital for the benefit of her poorer neighbours *to the day of her death*. Her own diaries completely confirm the truth, so did the surgeon and matron in 1937. Letters in the family archives clearly show that it was not until 1937 that the Duke became greatly worried over the continuance of his generous subvention to the private hospital. In 1937, the Duchess had been flying for eleven years. The eleventh Duke of Bedford was certainly not mean in his dealings with the Duchess, whom he admired next idolatry.

Authors' Profits—I judge it to be the sombre truth that the average sale of a novel or crime story or "minor" biography is no more than (if as much as) 4,000 copies. From such a total sale, the average author receives a profit of about £150. The hack author may achieve two such books a year. £300 a year is £6 a week. They wouldn't think much of such a pay packet in Coventry. Clearly the average author needs a secondary employment if he is not to starve. A very successful novel, etc., may reach a 40,000 sale. Probably it takes longer to write and, apart from the offchance of film rights or Penguin or serial rights, the successful author is not over-paid for his success at £1,500 a year. The skilled mechanic can do better. Certainly the average author has a case for a royalty of some sort from the lending libraries who find the bulk of his readers. The trouble is, I suppose, to find the library which can afford to increase its overhead by the smallest additional cost, or frighten its patrons by the smallest additional charge.

Mr. Butler's Bet—It must be rare for a Government Department to issue a statement upon a sport. The Home Office thought it necessary to do this when Mr. Butler visited the Grand National last Saturday. A spokesman was at pains to explain that though Mr. Butler had gone to Aintree "to see for himself," he was not there on behalf of the Government, which has no responsibility or powers regarding the race. He had what was termed "a modest bet." I wonder what that means. And did he place his wager with a bookmaker or on the Tote? The most interesting piece of information—the name of Mr. Butler's horse—was not evinced. The spokesman did tell us that the Home Secretary's verdict was "It was a good race." One can read all sorts of implications into that remark. But I suppose Mr. Butler's fancy must remain a Cabinet secret for the customary fifty years. THE OLD STAGER

WOOING THE FRENCH

Mr. Khrushchev's State Vi

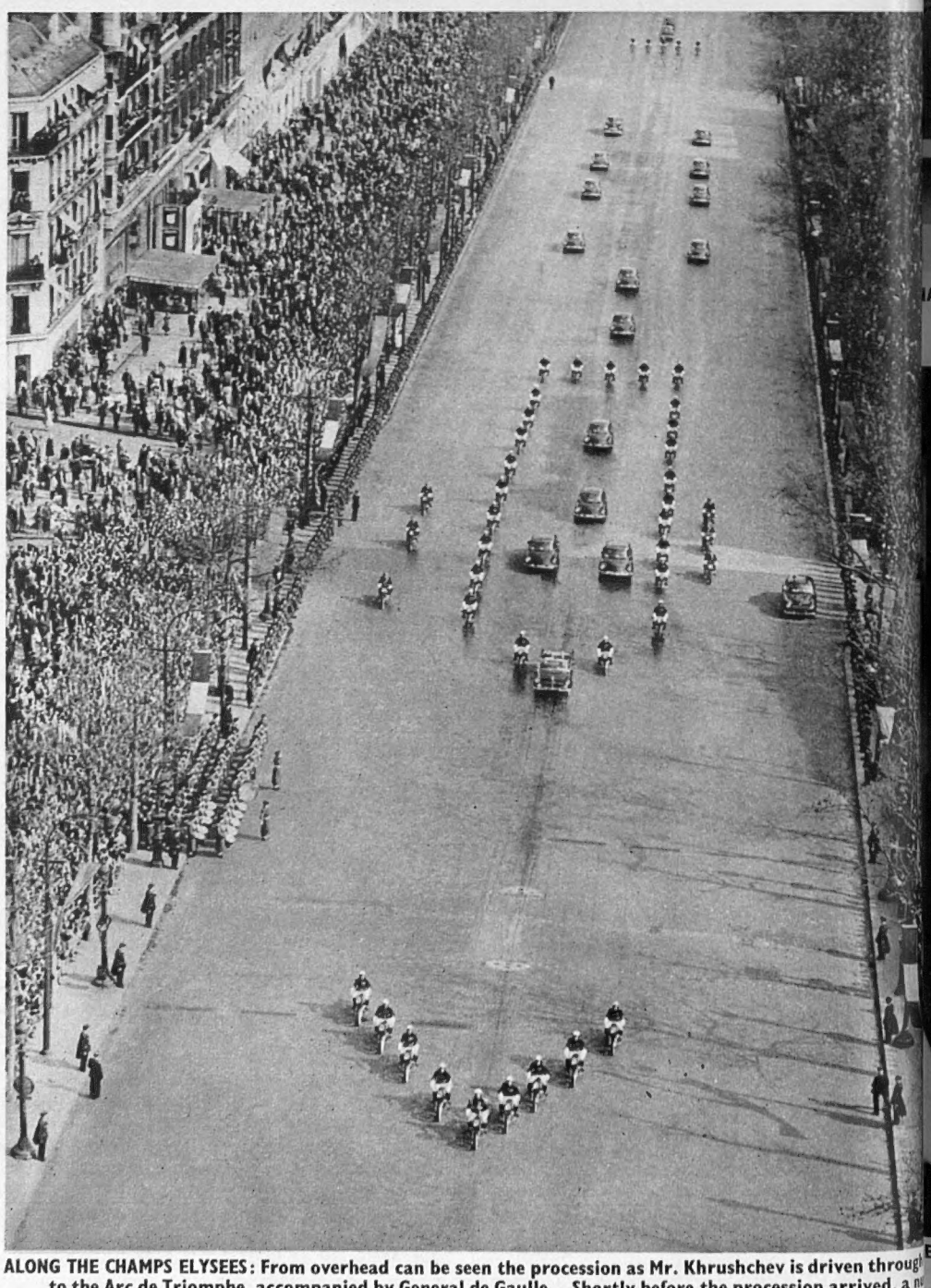
Flying over the Quai d'Orsay f
first time was the Red Flag,
ated with a golden hammer and
in honour of Mr. Khrushchev's v
France, which began last week.
Soviet leader stayed in the Royal
at the French Foreign Ministry,
early days of his comprehensive
starting from Paris, Mr. Khrus
was not his usual ebullient self.
appeared restrained and fatigue
visit had been postponed owing
attack of influenza. He arrived in
sunshine, but when he reache
south of France there was driving
At most places there were large c
to greet him, large sections of
were made up of organised F
Communist party demonstrat
(About 20 per cent. of the F
people usually vote Communist.)

In his first speeches in Pari
Soviet leader sounded the theme
occupied a large part of his mess
the French. He spoke of Franc
Russia as "the two great Pow
the European continent," and sa
French must understand that
would be the first to be threaten
any renascent German militarism.
Soviet leader described Communi
a "secular faith" which would
people of all colours, includin
independent states of Africa. A
tour round France, Mr. Khrus
was due back in Paris last Thu

A GIFT FROM MR. KHRUSHCHEV: Before luncheon at the Elysée, in Paris, the Soviet leader hands General de Gaulle a small-scale model of the Lunik moon rocket, made of white gold and crystal. Mr. Khrushchev arrived on his visit to France last week.

AT THE ELYSEE: Mr. Khrushchev and his wife (left) are the guests for luncheon of General de Gaulle and his wife (right). The Soviet leader is on a State visit to France, which is to end this week-end.

AT THE LUNCHEON GIVEN BY THE FRENCH DIPLOMATIC PRESS: The Soviet leader signs autographs for pressmen present at the luncheon. Mr. Khrushchev answered a great number of questions after the meal



ALONG THE CHAMPS ELYSEES: From overhead can be seen the procession as Mr. Khrushchev is driven through to the Arc de Triomphe, accompanied by General de Gaulle. Shortly before the procession arrived, a n of people threw nails on to the road. Three road-sweeping machines had to be called to clear them

AVING ARRIVED IN FRANCE BY AIR: At Orly Airport, Mr. Khrushchev, accompanied by General de Gaulle and an interpreter, walks down the steps towards the car taking him to the Quai d'Orsay. All the members of the French Government and the Heads of Government of the States of the French Community were present at the airport. General de Gaulle's welcoming speech, made as usual without notes, was brief but hospitable. The Soviet leader read his reply, which was unexpectedly long. He looked fatigued and sombre.

EAVING THE ELYSEE: After luncheon, President de Gaulle and Mr. Khrushchev walk past the raised sabres of the guard of honour. Most of the Soviet leader's speeches in Paris were devoted to the theme of the danger of a renascent German militarism.

HONOURING THE DEAD OF THE FRENCH RESISTANCE: After having laid a wreath at the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier at the Arc de Triomphe, Mr. Khrushchev lays another in front of the Resistance shrine on top of Mont Valerien, in a western suburb, overlooking Paris.

SECOND TIME ROUND AT BECHER'S BROOK: Jockey D. Nicholson, whose mount Cannobie Lee has refused, shelters in the ditch below this most testing of fences on the Grand National course. On left on the ground is G. W. Robinson, the rider of Team Spirit. Arles (Mr. A. Moule) is landing and Skatealong (R. R. Harrison) is jumping.

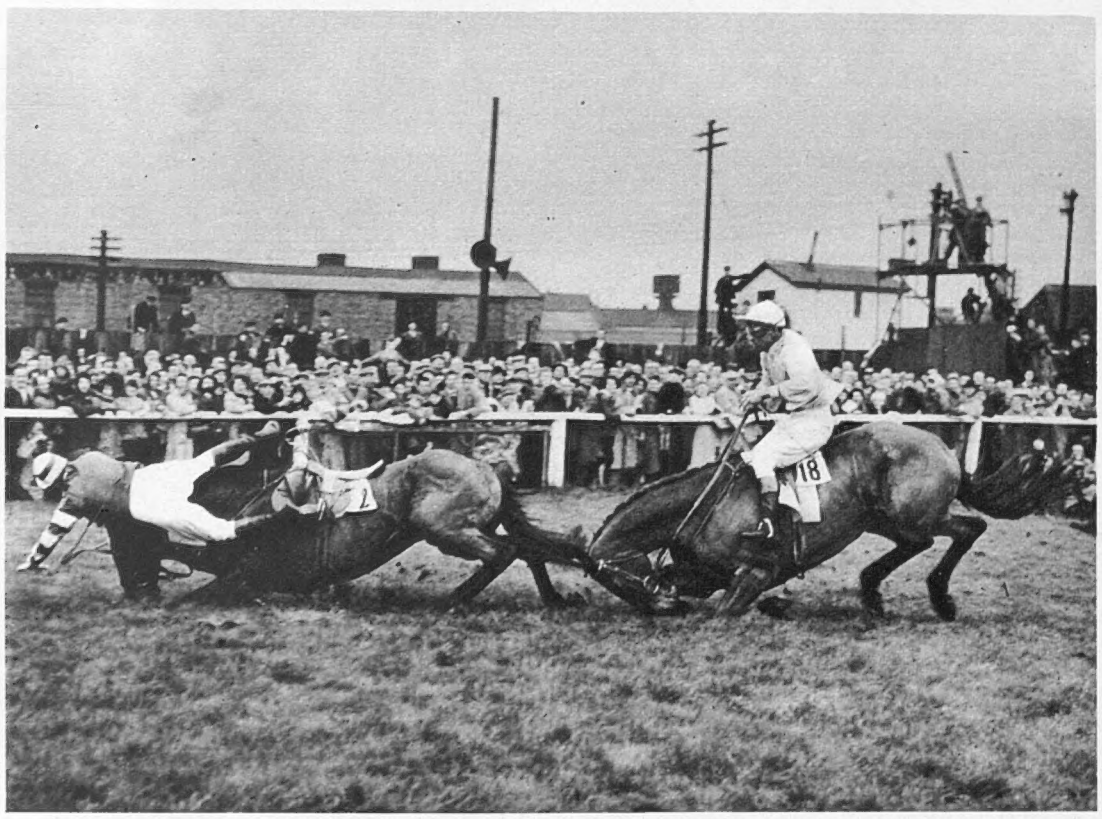
Grand National

The Favourite Wins This Year's Race at Aintree

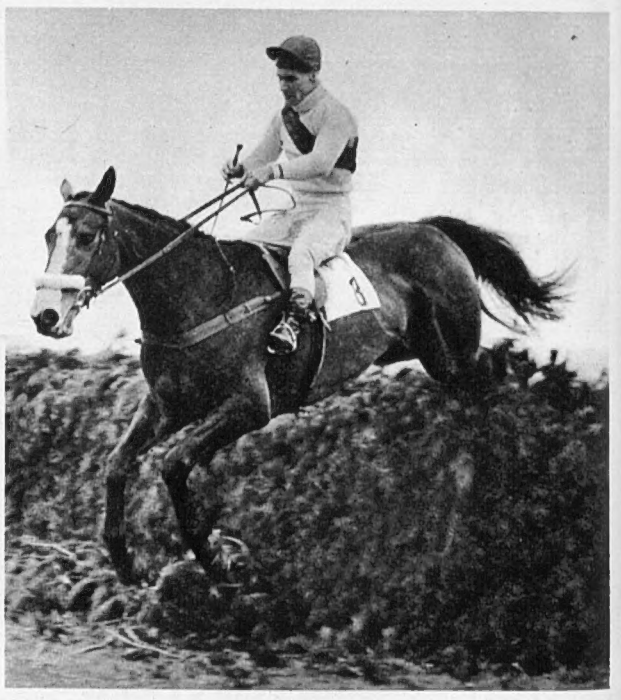
For the first time for ten years a favourite won the Grand National last Saturday. Merryman II, the winner at Aintree, is owned by Miss W. H. S. Wallace and is the third Grand National winner to be saddled by the Yorkshire trainer N. F. Crump. The field got off to a good start and soon began to thin out. Tea Fiend made the running for most of the way, but tired in the last three-quarters of a mile. He was passed by Merryman II and Badanloch and the race became a struggle between these two. Until the second fence from home the issue was in doubt. Then Merryman II, admirably ridden by G. Scott, went ahead to romp past the winning post by fifteen lengths ahead. Twelve lengths behind Badanloch came Clear Profit to claim third place. Tea Fiend was fourth.

Only eight out of the twenty-six starters finished. There was one fatality. At "The Chair" fence Belsize II fell, and broke a leg. He had to be destroyed. Among the spectators was Mr. R. A. Butler, the Home Secretary. A statement from the Home Office said that he had gone to the race in a private capacity, the Government having no direct responsibility for the Grand National and no power in relation to it. It was also officially stated that he had a "modest" bet, but with what success was not revealed.

A MOST SPECTACULAR FALL: P. Shortt, rider of Belsize II, somersaults through the air in falling at "The Chair" fence. His horse suffered a broken leg and had to be destroyed.



FAILURE AND TRIUMPH: Mr. What, with A. Freeman, and Green Drill, with G. Milburn, come to grief at Becher's Brook. *On right*—Merryman II, splendidly handled by G. Scott, takes the last of the thirty fences to go ahead and win by fifteen lengths from Badanloch, ridden by S. Mellor. Clear Profit (B. Wilkinson) was third.



THE NEWS IN PICTURES

AFTER THE RIOTS IN SOUTH AFRICA—A MASS DEMONSTRATION IN LONDON'S TRAFALGAR SQUARE: Thousands of people are listening to the speeches during last Sunday's rally against *apartheid*. In the right background is South Africa House.

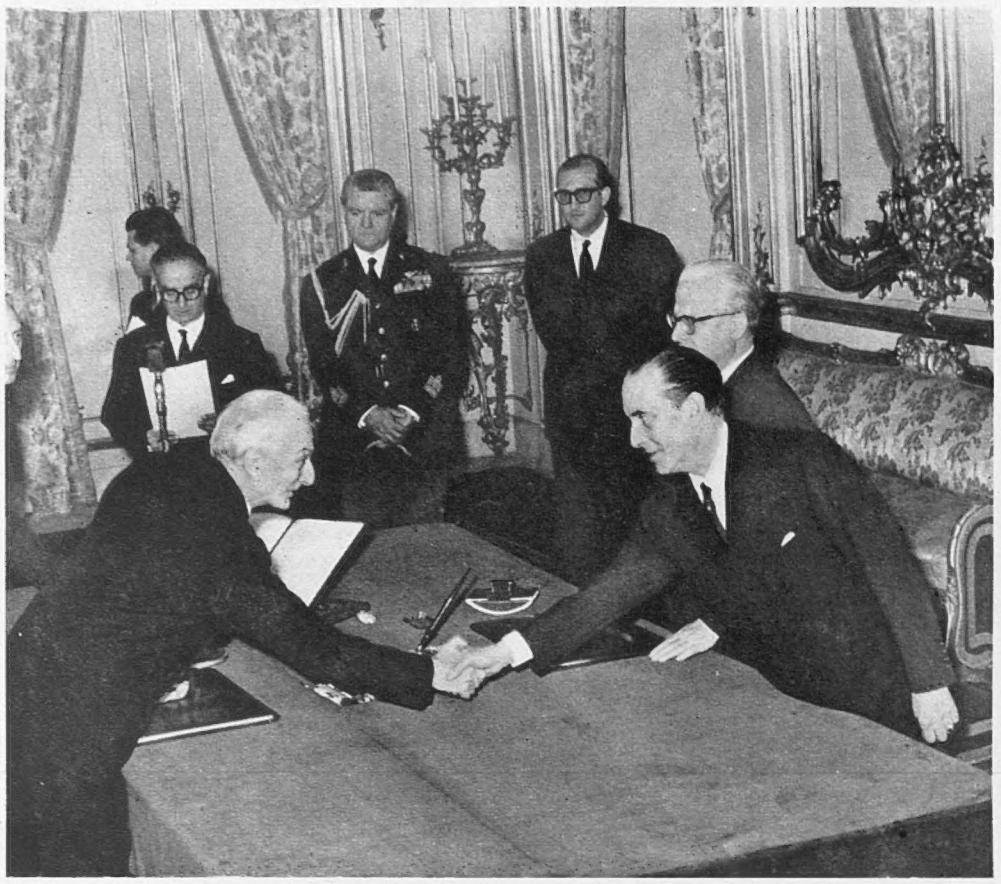
Demonstrations against the recent shootings in South Africa reached a climax last Sunday when about 1,500 people marched from Marble Arch to Trafalgar Square to join the thousands of other people already gathered there for the Labour Party's rally against *apartheid*. Prominent members of the Party were among the speakers, and Dr. Jagan (leader of the British Guiana delegation in London for talks on self-government) was present. Many Africans, Indians and Asians were in the crowd. After a few moments of silence had been observed for the dead, the rally passed a resolution deeply deploring the "massacre" at Sharpeville, calling upon the South African Government to abandon the policy of *apartheid* and pledging a continuation of the boycott of South African goods. Meanwhile, in South Africa, it had been announced that the "Pass" law, which had led to the riots at Sharpeville, had been suspended. (See also page 11.)

SCUFFLES IN AND AROUND TRAFALGAR SQUARE: *Left*—The police endeavour to control the crowds demonstrating outside South Africa House soon after the shootings in the Sharpeville suburb of Vereeniging, south of Johannesburg, and in the township of Langa, near Cape Town. *Right*—A scuffle breaks out in the crowd assembled for Sunday's rally.

MARCHING THROUGH THE WEST END OF LONDON: Some of the 1,500 people who marched from Marble Arch to Trafalgar Square for Sunday's meeting are in Regent Street. The march was organised by the London South African Boycott Committee.

OUTSIDE ST. MARTIN-IN-THE-FIELDS: A group of demonstrators sit on the pavement in front of the steps leading up to the church. Like many other demonstrators, they carried protest placards. Chanted slogans were heard near South Africa House.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES



A CHANGE OF GOVERNMENT FOR ITALY: In the Quirinale, the former Italian Prime Minister, Signor Segni (left), shakes hands with the new Prime Minister, Signor Fernando Tambroni. Behind Signor Tambroni is Signor Gronchi, the Italian President. The twentieth post-war Italian Cabinet was sworn-in last Sunday. All the Ministers are members of the Christian Democrat Party, so that Italy again has a minority Government. Most of them were members of the last Cabinet; Signor Segni replaces Signor Pella at the Foreign Office. The new Prime Minister, a lawyer, has not been allied with any particular section of his party.

MR. MACMILLAN LEAVES FOR WASHINGTON: The Prime Minister is at Gatwick Airport, Sussex, before flying across the Atlantic in a Comet of R.A.F. Transport Command. Mr. Macmillan this week met President Eisenhower at Camp David to discuss the Russians' latest offer on nuclear tests. Vice-President Nixon was to attend the discussions, which were expected to cover also probable topics for the Summit meeting.

TRAINING FOR THE UNIVERSITY BOAT RACE: The Oxford crew, seen here practising on the Tideway at Putney, are—R. C. Bate (Tonbridge and St. Edmund Hall), bow; R. L. S. Fishlock (King's Canterbury and St. Edmund Hall); T. S. Swayze (Harvard University and Wadham); A. T. Lindsay (Eton and Magdalen); J. L. Elliott (Canford and Keble); D. L. Rutherford (Rugby and Magdalen); J. R. Chester (Monkton Combe and Magdalen); C. M. Davies (Eton and Lincoln), stroke; and P. J. Reynolds (Uppingham and St. Edmund Hall), cox. The race will be rowed at 4.15 p.m. to-day (April 2). Oxford, who last year successfully employed American rigging, have this year introduced another innovation—"spade" or "shovel" oars. These have wider but shorter blades than are normal.

MR. ANEURIN BEVAN: He is convalescing at his home, Asheridge Farm, in Buckinghamshire, after his serious illness. Speculation inside the Labour Party about whether he intended to relinquish temporarily the deputy leadership of the Party was brought to an end last week. Mr. Morgan Phillips, the Secretary of the Labour Party, said that Mr. Bevan was not standing for re-election to the Treasurership of the Party at the October Conference. In some quarters, it had been believed that Mr. Bevan might have relinquished the deputy leadership but remained as Treasurer.

THE CAMBRIDGE CREW: The hopes of the Light Blues are vested in J. R. Owen (Bedford and Lady Margaret), bow; S. R. M. Price (Westminster and First and Third Trinity); F. P. T. Wiggins (University College School and Lady Margaret); J. Parker (Shrewsbury and Lady Margaret); G. H. Brown (Shrewsbury and Trinity Hall); J. Beveridge (St. Paul's and Jesus); E. T. C. Johnstone (Shrewsbury and Lady Margaret); P. W. Holmes (Portora Royal and Lady Margaret), stroke; and R. T. Weston (Dulwich and Selwyn), cox. A feature of the crew is the number of members of Lady Margaret Boat Club. Unlike Oxford, Cambridge in recent years has avoided innovations in rigging and oars.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

THE FIRST BIG RACE OF THE 1960 FLAT RACING SEASON: Mustavon, ridden by N. McIntosh, comes up to the post to win the Lincolnshire Handicap from Major General (No. 8, E. Smith up) and Lavandier (D. W. Morris), on the rails' side. Wild Vine, who was fourth, is behind Major General and Lavandier. The winner, second favourite at 8—1, was trained by N. Hall and is owned by Mrs. L. McVey. After three furlongs Mustavon was prominent among the leaders, and at between five and six furlongs McIntosh took him clear. Coming into the final furlong of the mile course, they held on to the lead, though strongly challenged to the finish by Major General and Lavandier.

THE NEW RUSSIAN AMBASSADOR TO THE UNITED KINGDOM: Mr. A. A. Soldatov (left), whose appointment as successor to Mr. Malik was announced on January 13, is seen with Mr. Boginov, Chargé d'Affaires at the Russian Embassy, at London Airport on Tuesday of last week. The new Russian Ambassador is a career diplomat, his last appointment being as head of the American Division of the Soviet Foreign Office. He accompanied Mr. Khrushchev on his visit to the U.S. last year and was also deputy to Mr. Gromyko at the Geneva Conference of Foreign Ministers last summer.

On left—

RUSSIA'S ONLY WOMAN SEA CAPTAIN: She is Valentina Orlikova, reported to be the captain of a refrigerator ship working with the Soviet fishing fleet in northern waters. On her lapel is the Star of the Order of the Hammer and Sickle for Labour, which was recently awarded to her. Miss Orlikova first went to work as a helper in a Vladivostok shipyard in 1931. During the war she went to sea as a navigator in a ship sailing in the Baltic. Before receiving her first command, in a whaling vessel sailing as far as Iceland and the Faroes, Miss Orlikova gained experience in Far Eastern and northern waters. She now commands *Novikov Priboi*.

A HELICOPTER DEMONSTRATION AT BRIGHTON: A British European Airways Bristol 171 helicopter prepares to land on the beach at the popular south coast resort. The demonstration took place on Tuesday of last week. The helicopter was piloted by Captain Cameron, the manager of the BEA helicopter experimental unit at Gatwick. Brighton Corporation requested the demonstration so that they could assess the noise and general disturbance caused by a helicopter over the town. The building of a permanent heliport is being considered by the Corporation, but they have rejected the idea of a site on the beach. If the heliport is built, BEA plan to run "joy-rides" over Brighton and the surrounding districts. There are no plans at present to have regular helicopter services to and from the resort.

A CULTURAL OCCASION IN JERUSALEM: Mrs. Katia Mann (left), the widow of the world-famous writer Thomas Mann, and her brother, Professor Klaus Pringsheim, Director of the Academy of Music in Tokyo, are received by the Israeli Foreign Minister, Mrs. Golda Meir. In left background is Mr. Svir, of the Israeli Foreign Office. Thomas Mann was born in Germany. Persecuted by the Nazis, he emigrated to the U.S.A. in 1933 and became an American citizen.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

THE SOUTH KOREAN PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION: Dr. Syngman Rhee arrives for a Press conference in Seoul on polling day. The eighty-four-year-old leader of the Liberal Party was returned unopposed for a fourth term as President, the rival candidate having died soon after nomination day. *On right*—Police in the South Korean capital clash with members of the Opposition Democratic Party who were demonstrating in protest against the result. The outgoing Vice-President, Dr. Chang Myung, who is the Democratic leader, was defeated by the Liberal nominee, Mr. Lee Ki Poong. The Opposition alleged that there were irregularities in the conduct of the polls and that its observers at the voting booths had not been accorded their constitutional rights. Dr. Chang said that his party proposed to file a suit with the Supreme Court to have the election results set aside. There were disorders in other towns besides Seoul and one report gave a total casualty list of thirteen people killed and forty injured. These figures were denied by the Home Minister, who admitted to only three dead as a result of violence. President Syngman Rhee was understood to have ordered an investigation into the riots, so that those responsible for causing them could be severely punished.

MR. MACLEOD SETS OUT FOR THE RHODESIAN FEDERATION: The Colonial Secretary stands with his wife at London Airport. She had come to see him off on his flight to Salisbury. Mr. Macleod left last week for a fifteen-day visit to Rhodesia and Nyasaland. His programme allowed for the greater part of his time to be spent in the latter territory. Officially he was stated to be making the trip to consider constitutional advances in the Federation, but it was believed that another purpose for his journey was to discuss the future of the imprisoned Dr. Banda.

CANADIAN HELP FOR PAKISTAN: Mr. Herbert Moran, the Canadian High Commissioner in Pakistan, and his wife pose near the Warsak Dam. Situated on the River Kabul, in the North-West Frontier Province, the dam was built under the Colombo Plan with aid amounting to over £28,000,000 from Canada. Other major Pakistani projects, completed or being completed with Canadian aid, include a cement plant in West Pakistan; electricity transmission lines in East Pakistan; and two steam power-houses in the delta of the Ganges.

DEMONSTRATIONS IN TOKYO: Traffic at a busy road junction in the centre of the Japanese capital is held up by workers and students demonstrating against the Japan-United States Security Treaty. A revision of the pact, to give Japan an equal share in her own defence, was signed in Washington by Mr. Kishi, the Prime Minister, last January, and since then the ratification of the signature has been discussed in the Diet. Those taking part in the recent Tokyo demonstrations represent the left-wing and pacifist groups in the country. Numbering about 40,000, the demonstrators demanded the abandonment of the treaty and the dissolution of the present Parliament. The Japanese Opposition view is that the country should sever her ties with the U.S.

THE RETURN TO DEMOCRACY IN PAKISTAN: In Rawalpindi, Field Marshal Ayub Khan, the President of Pakistan, addresses a class of trainees in the country's "basic democracy" system, the constitutional development by which it is hoped Pakistan will eventually return to a system of Parliamentary Government. The old Parliamentary regime was overthrown in October 1958 by a military coup, and the Field Marshal, then a general, assumed the Presidency. Last year the "basic democracies"—a pyramid of councils from village to provincial level—were instituted. Six weeks ago, Field Marshal Ayub Khan was confirmed in office as President by the votes of these councils.

World Affairs

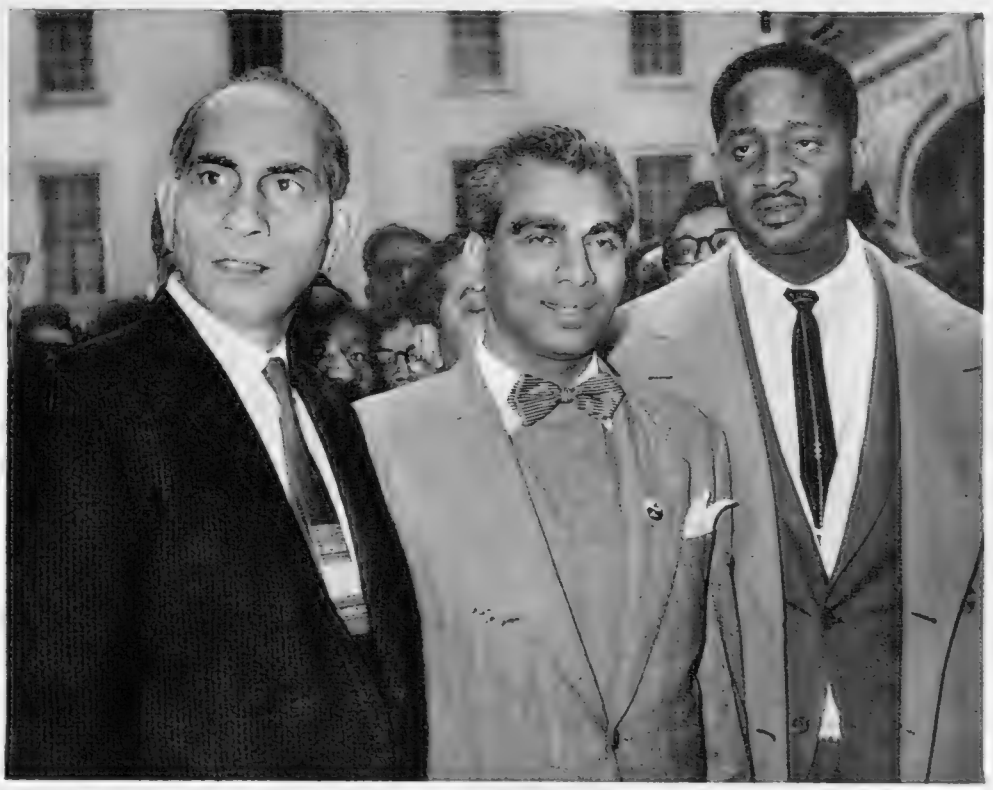
A Dark New Chapter in Africa

By JOHN CONNELL

THE shootings at Veeriniging and Langa on March 21 began a new chapter in the swift, violent and tragic history of Africa—an ugly and a melancholy beginning, but who can foretell how horrible the end will be? Or how far their consequences, direct and indirect, will spread? In the atmosphere prevalent in the Union nowadays, it is going to be difficult, despite the appointment (as the result of public outcry abroad) of a judicial inquiry, to discover how and why the shootings happened. Did someone panic? Was the bigger episode another Jalianwallabagh? The police chief at Sharpeville, whose car carried a 3-in. gash where a stone had hit it, made a remark of somewhat lurid significance: " If they do these things, they must learn their lesson the hard way." There was grim sense, too, to be discovered in the comment of a Press photographer who pointed out that, when the firing ended, most of the young constables " were obviously appalled " by what they had done, and tried to make amends by the " almost frenzy " with which they helped to get the wounded people into the ambulances.

But blood cakes on the hot, dusty earth; and as the hours and the days pass, attitudes harden. Turn on the Prime Minister and his Cabinet colleagues to tell a huddle of sickened, scared, trigger-happy boys that they are heroes who deserve nothing but the praise and thanks of their country, and it is not long before the eyes that were wide with shame and compassion narrow to slits of arrogance and self-pride, spotty young chins are thrust forward, hearts that were momentarily touched grow cold and stiff again, and the comfortable myth replaces the naked truth. The extension and strengthening of the mood of almost paranoiac self-delusion are not the least alarming aspects of South Africa's tragedy.

It is difficult to resist the conclusion that Dr. Verwoerd really believed what he said, when he told Parliament in Cape Town, less than twenty-four hours after the disaster, that the riots could in no way be described as a reaction against *apartheid* and had nothing to do with the matter of passes (which, by a process of characteristic double-think, are officially described as " reference books "). That this belief conflicts with every particle of available evidence has no effect upon him at all; nor is its sincerity, hideous though that may be, invalidated.



BRITISH GUIANA LEGISLATORS IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE INCIDENT: Mr. Jai Narine Singh (left), leader of the Guiana Independent Movement, and Mr. Linden Forbes Samson Burnham (right), leader of the People's National Congress of Guiana, are seen in London after they had been remanded on bail at Bow Street police court on charges arising out of demonstrations at South Africa House, in Trafalgar Square. With them is Dr. Jagan, British Guiana's Minister of Trade and Industry.

Dr. Verwoerd, his friends and his supporters live—and for some time longer have the resources to go on living—dug deep in this moral and spiritual bunker, their nightmare, claustrophobic existence. But outside, the wind of change is whipping up into a howling gale. The hope that it might prove to be a bland and beneficial breeze, or at least might blow itself out harmlessly, was destroyed by those repeated bursts of fire at Vereeniging and Langa. The events of March 21, 1960, however one chooses to regard them (and I regard them with shame, horror and dread), are crucial in the history of Afro-European relations.

Violent repression is answered by violent rebellion; bloodshed follows bloodshed. These are amongst the simplest, most elementary lessons of the copybook headings. But if there is one political malady which is endemic throughout the world to-day, it is that of seeking to escape the inescapable consequences of one's own acts—to shrug them off, to ignore or to deride the law of causation. I suppose that an honest and far-seeing political strategy consists in admitting these consequences, and practical political tactics consist in making them tolerable. There is bitterness in the reflection that it is probably too late to put either strategy or tactics into operation in very large areas of Africa—the Union most obviously and tragically.

Yet as was demonstrated last week, the Government of South Africa, however stubborn it may be in its doomed determination to crush all opposition to its policies within its own borders, is not entirely insensitive to outside opinion. Whether the U.S. State Department was acting altogether prudently or properly in publishing its swift and unequivocal condemnation of the shootings is arguable; but Mr. Herter, we must presume, decided that this was one of those moments in which prudence and propriety are not enough.

Though under the greatest pressure from the Opposition in the Commons to break the rules of international and inter-Commonwealth decorum, the British Government, until the end of last week, and rightly in my opinion, kept mum. I said rightly, because I have no liking for and no faith in the effectiveness of open and official denunciation of one Government by another—particularly in a situation as painful and as perilous as this. So far as the British Government is concerned, the comeback is only too obvious; and Dr. Verwoerd had no hesitation in making use of it, by a sly reference to Mau-Mau in Kenya, before a breath of criticism had been uttered on either side of the British House of Commons.

In the short term the shootings have brought about the gravest possible crisis in South Africa's relations with the rest of the Commonwealth and a great many other free, friendly countries. It is as right for private persons—in newspapers, in speeches, on the radio and television—to say what they feel, as it is wrong and futile for Governments to take up moral attitudes which they cannot sustain. Public expressions of private feeling may be inconvenient for Governments, but they are there to be inconvenienced. In the long term, and this is their much more serious result, the shootings are bound to enhance extremism on all sides, not only in the Union but in much of the rest of Africa and in other areas in which " colonialism " and " anti-colonialism " are inflammatory catchwords. Already hatred, anger, fear and the lust for violence have all received a new and dreadful impetus.

Why should London policemen be taken away from their routine tasks of taking the numbers of the cars parked in Northumberland Avenue, to find themselves guarding the closed portals of South Africa House, and hustling back to their cars gentlemen who sometimes turn out to be Ministers and delegates from a British colonial dependency here in London for a constitutional conference? Ludicrous and pitiful as these episodes were, they were symbolical of the moral and political mire and misery into which we are going to be tumbled.

The Afrikaners, by their ruthless folly, are putting paid to hopes of inter-racial partnership in many countries far away from Witwatersrand. *Apartheid*, which is so glibly and so persistently expounded by its advocates as a method of keeping the races separate and therefore out of range of conflict with each other, is going to lock them in a violent and hateful embrace. For there is a harsh paradox in this misery, which the sentimentalists on all sides fail to perceive. The real effort which Governments and private individuals alike ought to be making is to preserve the Afrikaners, as far as possible, from the consequences of their own foolish and evil doing. In Africa as a whole black nationalism is winning; the terms which it is imposing, with each successive victory, are not agreeable for Europeans. In some countries they are likely to prove intolerable.

But in South Africa the whites are building up for themselves two implacable alternatives: death, as individuals and as a community, or unconditional surrender, as individuals and as a community. By so doing, they are rapidly diminishing the hope of marginal solutions elsewhere; and they are helping to convert what might have been a political development with a certain degree of positivity in it into one of the most monstrous negations in recorded history.

For whatever protestations are being made to the contrary at present (they are numerous and voluble), African nationalism is not simply a rejection of European rule: it is a rejection of the values, the purposes and the aspirations of European civilisation. Its superficial manifestations are sophisticated; in Ghana, for example, the *clichés* of a large, liberal, progressive and democratic vocabulary flow as copiously as warm, sticky, sweet champagne. But its abiding impulses are atavistic. African nationalism wants to get hold, for itself, of some of the industrial and economic products of European technology, but it wants them to be harnessed to sheerly African ends.

We are not witnessing and taking part in a comparatively simple and orderly transfer of power. This is a huge, compulsive counter-revolution. To what extent it is, at the moment, being assisted and abetted by the Soviet Union, for its own purposes, is a matter for anxious and painstaking research. But I think that the Soviet Union's influence or authority in Africa will be even more transient and swifter in passing away, than has been that of Britain and the other nations of Western Europe. Africa is set upon being totally African; and the African leaders, in pursuit of their personal, national and continental aspirations and rivalries, are determined to make the transition, in a single, swift bound, from Stone Age simplicity to totalitarian complexity. The effect on the lives of the millions of Africans who will be their subjects is not, I feel, very pleasant to contemplate.

What is the ultimate lot of the European minority? Assimilation to the African pattern, or escape. A gradual, phased withdrawal, over a period of a good many years, is probably the best that they can look for. The chances that such a withdrawal can be made peacefully and by agreed stages have always been slim; they have been sharply lessened by recent events. That is why, in a sense, indignation about the shootings at Vereeniging and Langa, though natural and humane, is irrelevant—not, of course, to the fact that unarmed men, women and children were mown down by machine-gun fire, but to the ultimate political issues which are at stake. I hold no brief for the Opposition in the British House of Commons in any efforts they may make to use these terrible events as propaganda against the British Government, and I think such efforts are contemptible.

But one Labour M.P. with whom (to my own surprise) I find myself in agreement is Mr. Desmond Donnelly, who wrote to *The Times* on March 23: " If the frightened and bigoted Boer minority carry on as they are doing, there is a grave possibility that by 1970 there will be no white man left in South Africa. Those that are there now will be either refugees in other lands or under the ground—dead like the victims of Sharpeville. The consequences to Western civilisation of this appalling prospect are obvious." But are they obvious to Dr. Verwoerd and his supporters?

A LINE-UP OF JET TRAINERS: Hunting Jet Provost T. Mark 3 trainers are refuelled at No. 2 Flying Training School at Syerston, in Nottinghamshire. *Right*—An officer at the Training School talks to a flying instructor and a pupil seated in the cockpit of a Jet Provost. At Syerston, the first R.A.F. pupil pilots learning to fly on jet aircraft, in place of piston-engined aircraft, are half-way through their course. They are due to graduate in June.

A NEW WAY TO LEARN

A Radical R.A.F. Pilot Training Course Using Jets from the Start

SHOT UP INTO THE AIR: A pupil pilot learns the feel of an ejector seat as he is shot up the steel latticework of the practice equipment at No. 2 Flying Training School. Jet Provost T. Mark 3 trainers are fitted with ejector seats.

IN THE COCKPIT OF A JET TRAINER: A pupil at Syerston tests one of the numerous switches and dials form the instrument panel of a Jet Provost. When the pupils on the course have completed flying hours, they will go to an advanced training unit, where they will fly Vampire jet air

IN THE AIR AND ON THE GROUND: High above the clouds over Nottinghamshire, one of the jet trainers peels-off during formation flying. *Right*—The control tower at Syerston is the nerve-centre of all movements of the jet trainers. There are about 120 pupil pilots at Syerston.

Evidence of the great changes that have occurred in the R.A.F. since the last war is given by the course of pilot training at No. 2 Flying Training School at Syerston, in Nottinghamshire. Here the first pupils to learn all their flying in jet aircraft are in the middle of their training. There were two experimental courses in 1957, but it is only now that initial jet training has become part of the normal programme. Flying Training Command is going ahead rapidly with the build-up of jet trainers, and a substantial production order has been placed for Hunting Jet Provost T. Mark 3 trainers. It is thought that in the near future all the R.A.F. pilots will be trained on jets from the beginning. Those of them destined for piston-engined aircraft will take conversion courses from jet aircraft—a complete reversal of the procedure which has been employed up to the present.

The Royal Air Force is the first service in the world to adopt the principle of "all-through" jet training. At Syerston the first course will graduate in June, when they will have done about 120 jet flying hours. They will then go to an advanced training unit, using Vampire jets. Here they will get their wings after a further 120 hours. Pupils using the Jet Provost need on average about 12 hours before going solo, compared with about 10 hours on the earlier piston-engined Provost and 6 on the Tiger Moth. With a more powerful engine, it may be possible to use the Jet Provost for the complete programme.

There are approximately thirty students in each of the four courses, which last for thirty-six weeks. The percentage of failures among those starting to learn to fly on jet aircraft compares very favourably with the percentage for pupils on piston-engined aircraft. The Jet Provosts have a maximum speed in level flight of about 320 m.p.h. and a low stalling speed of 75 m.p.h. It is reported that they are very easy to fly, can carry out a large range of aerobatics, and that they have no vices.

EXERCISE " STARLIGHT ": Grenadier Guards move into position near Tmimi, in the Libyan Desert, during the largest Army-R.A.F. exercise ever held outside the United Kingdom. Flying overhead on the left is a Pioneer light transport aircraft. Over 3,500 troops, their equipment and vehicles were flown from Lyneham, Wiltshire, to El Adem, not far from Tobruk.

DESERT WARFARE

Troops in the Libyan Desert for Exercise " Starlight "

SUPPLIED FROM THE AIR: A Whirlwind helicopter, engaged in flying water supplies to troops in the forward area, picks up a can at the desert depot. Every drop of water for the troops taking part in the exercise was flown to them by air from El Adem. The ration was two gallons per man a day. This simulated conditions for men depending on air supplies in the desert.

IN THE DESERT: Two sergeants of the Scots Guards cam flage a Mobat anti-tank gun. The exercise designed to test the organisation of air supp

For seventeen days up to the end of March, the F Guards Brigade Group and some divisi troops of the Third Division, and No. 38 Tac Transport Group of the R.A.F., were engaged in most ambitious air mobility exercise ever staged the Strategic Reserve. The force was flown f Lyneham, in Wiltshire, to the Libyan desert to t part in Exercise " Starlight." Fighter cover provided by the carrier *Albion* and Hunters from Adem. The enemy was represented by the We Regiment and 34 tanks of the 2nd Royal Tank Regim

The troops in the desert were entirely supplied f the air. Part of the exercise was to test the Ar R.A.F. link at various levels and a Joint Com Operation Centre was established. Another feat of the operation was to test the feasibility of oppos a group brought by air, and therefore without tanks an enemy equipped with tanks. During the exer it appeared that at least part of the answer lay anti-tank guided missiles. A troop of the Quee Own Hussars was equipped with dummy Mall missiles. Now purchased as a standard type for Br armed forces, the Malkara was designed and develo by the Australian Government aircraft factories.

In one day during the exercise the troop adjudged to have knocked out five tanks without Its effectiveness lay in the range up to which it co be operated, possibly 2,000 yards, and the fact tha can be deployed out of sight. The Malkara is f automatically from a portable launcher or suit vehicle and is controlled throughout its flight thro twin wires. At present there are difficulties in its effectiveness—for instance, it cannot be used at n

(See also page

ATTACKING THE "ENEMY": The Welsh Guards move in open formation over the stony desert. For the battle exercise, the enemy was represented by the Welch Regiment and part of the 2nd Royal Tank Regiment. *Left*—An Arab on his donkey passes men of the Duke of Edinburgh's Royal Regiment and a camouflaged vehicle. One of the more important aspects of the exercise was whether a force brought by air, and without tanks, could deal with an armoured enemy. The "enemy" had thirty-four tanks, whereas the First Guards Brigade Group had nothing larger than armoured cars.

Below—

AT THE START OF THE BATTLE EXERCISE: The Grenadier Guards and Royal Horse Guards move across the desert at Tmimi in their vehicles. About 120 vehicles and trailers were flown out from Britain for Exercise "Starlight." Other transport was sent by sea to represent equipment which would be available from overseas in stockpiles in Cyprus, Aden and Singapore.

Ceylon's Holy Mountain

The Annual Pilgrimage to the Summit of Adam's Peak

ASCENT AND DESCENT: Pilgrims crowd the narrow steps on their way up or down Adam's Peak, the celebrated Holy Mountain of Ceylon. It is 7,360 ft. high and besides having religious associations for people of many faiths, it is set in remarkably fine scenery.

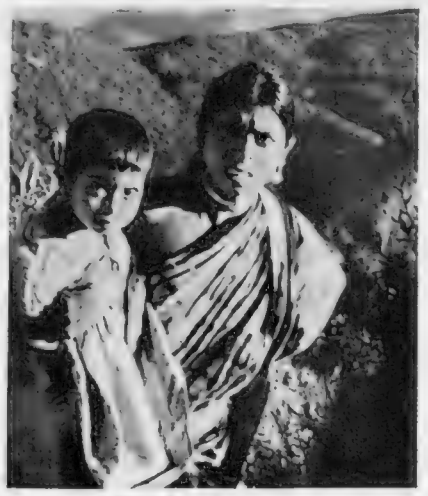
To the traveller approaching Ceylon the first sight of the island is often a towering peak rising above the horizon. This is Adam's Peak, some 40 miles inland from Colombo. In height 7,360 ft., it is Ceylon's Holy Mountain, which has been climbed by millions of pilgrims of many religions throughout the centuries.

At the top of the mountain there is an impression in granite resembling a human foot, 5 ft. long and 2½ ft. broad. Arab tradition holds that it is the footprint of Adam, who stood on this spot for a period variously estimated at 200 or 1,000 years to expiate his sin. Buddhists, who have a monastery at the top, claim the mark is that of Gautama, and Christians in times past have attributed it to St. Thomas. Hindus and Chinese also regard the mountain as sacred.

The time of the annual pilgrimage is March and the largest crowds climb at the time of the full moon. An unending stream of men and women, some carrying children, make the ascent. Much of the climb is through a jungle wilderness. Wild animals can be heard but are rarely seen, and some of the trails are said to have been made by elephants. Though apparently ungainly, these beasts are very sure-footed and in the last century a surveyor reported finding traces of them on the summit itself. In the steepest parts of the ascent, chains, fixed many centuries ago, assist the climber. Marco Polo noted these chains after his visit to Ceylon 600 years ago. Old people sometimes perish from exhaustion on the way up. This is regarded as a most desirable way of dying.

At the summit of Adam's Peak the pilgrims feel rewarded for all the trials of the climb. Under a wooden canopy is the sacred footprint and from the top of the precipitous cliffs there are views of surpassing beauty. Many of the climbers wait huddled together against the wind through the bitter cold of the night. For at sunrise the mountain produces one of its finest spectacles. As the sun comes up it projects the shadow of the peak on to the morning mists. This, for everybody, irrespective of their religions, is the moment of greatest reverence.

PATTERN OF PILGRIMS: The white line zig-zagging on the left near the apex of the peak of the mountain is part of the unending stream of pilgrims. At the top there is a small Buddhist monastery built above steep cliffs and subject to fierce winds.



A TEST OF ENDURANCE: A weary mother carrying her child struggles up the mountainside. Sometimes old people perish of exhaustion during the ascent.

AT THE SUMMIT: Sunrise is a moment of reverence for those who have attained the summit of Adam's Peak. *On right*—Food and drink can be obtained in the hut. In the right background the rising sun has cast the shadow of the peak on the early morning mists.

NAIROBI FROM THE AIR: The view of the City Square of the Kenyan capital is from the south-west. In recent years many new buildings have been erected, especially in the city centre. With more and more office blocks, and the consequent increase in office workers, the traffic problem is becoming serious. Behind the City Hall, with its tall tower (centre right), is a five-storey car-park. Later this year, the City Council in their grey-stone and concrete headquarters, will celebrate Nairobi's sixtieth year as a town.

MODERN BUILDINGS UNDER AFRICAN SKIES: The New Stanley Hotel is the latest addition to Delamere Avenue, in Nairobi. In the distance, on right, is the Ottoman Bank, formerly Torr's Hotel. The biggest office block in the city is being built on Delamere Avenue.

NAIROBI'S RAPID GROWTH

Many New Buildings in the Kenyan Capital

During this year, Nairobi will be celebrating its sixtieth year as a town. To-day, the capital of Kenya, on its high plateau, is a scene of much building activity, as it has been for the last decade. Under the blue African skies, modern office blocks in gleaming concrete form an impressive panorama. Already the problem attendant on the increase of office workers, traffic congestion, has received a great deal of consideration. Plans are nearly ready, which include the use of fly-overs and auto silos to cope with the growing traffic.

It is of considerable importance to remember this factor of rapid growth in any consideration of the political problems of the colony. So much history has been made in a short space of time. In 1882, Joseph Thomson, a Scottish explorer from Dumfriesshire, started on an expedition to cross the dusty plains of Masailand to the " place of cold water " (Nairobi) on the edge of the Kikuyu forest. He was on his way to Victoria Nyanza. In his wake came other travellers. Some of their caravans and expeditions were attacked by the warlike Masai, armed with spears, knobkerries, and oval shields. But by 1899, Nairobi was a railway settlement.

Some idea of the increase of colonisation can be gained from comparing the various population figures, although there are difficulties, since for a long time there was no census taken of the African population. Last year, Nairobi had a total population of 233,800, nearly double what it was in 1948. In 1954, it was estimated that its population was made up of about one-tenth European, something under a third Asian and the remainder African. These proportions are not reflected in the total population of Kenya; out of the total for 1959 of nearly 6,500,000, 6,100,000 are African. But the non-African population has jumped from just over 24,000 in 1911 to nearly 350,000 in 1959.

Against this background the vast increase in building in Nairobi in the last decade can be easily understood. Every month a new structure goes up, and each year several million pounds of investment are sunk in the dry,

(*Continued on following pages*)

A BUSY CITY CENTRE: On the northern side of Nairobi's City Square, the tall building is the Norwich Union premises. The Hardinge Street bus terminus is on the right. The northern side of the Square is nearly complete. A number of new buildings are still to be erected in other parts

A TALL AND SLENDER BUILDING: The new Norwich Union block stands at the corner of Hardinge Street and Queensway. Its features include a mosaic pattern on the west side and there is a row of modern shop-fronts at street-level.

NAIROBI'S RAPID GROWTH

(*Continued from previous page*)

volcanic earth under the city. During the last ten years this investment in buildings of all kinds has been running at the rate of over £7,000,000 every year. In the last decade something like £60,000,000 was spent upon new privately-owned buildings in the capital.

Most of the impressive developments are to be seen in the centre, round City Square. The northern edge of this is almost complete—a solid line along Queensway with the newest additions, Prudential House and the tall Norwich Union building, at either end. Also nearly finished is the Government Road extension, forming the eastern side. With the completion of the second part of Lugard House, there is a line of new buildings ending at Pioneer House. The only vacant plot is the central site for a new hotel, undeveloped because of protracted legal tussles. Due to be finished this spring are new buildings along Coronation Avenue, near the southern side of the Square. Here is the fourteen-storey Ministry of Works headquarters. Facing it is the equally imposing Shell House. Also under construction is what will be Kenya's first supermarket.

When the proposed Roman Catholic cathedral takes shape in City Square in about two years' time, it will possibly become the tallest building in the area. All the new building is not concentrated round the centre. There is activity all over the business area, and new flats and maisonettes are going up in the spreading residential suburbs. One of the projects is the Delamere Avenue premises for Hughes and Company, which, when its three-phased construction is completed, will be the biggest office block in the city.

THE NORTHERN SIDE OF THE CITY SQUARE: This is [illegible]ned Assurance Company. Next to it is the 20th [illegible]ury equipped with the huge Todd-AO screen. [illegible] are

GOVERNMENT ROAD EXTENSION: The view is looking north from the railway station. The new buildings are on the left, the nearest being Agriculture House, the headquarters of the Ministry of Agriculture. Government Road extension forms the eastern side of City Square, and is now nearly complete.

ied by Queensway. The building on the left is the premises of the Prudential
ury cinema, one of the few cinemas in the Southern Hemisphere which has been
are at present only two such screens in London.) The cinema is air-conditioned.

AWAY FROM THE CITY CENTRE: The new Gailey and Roberts building in Sadler Street is one of the number of developments which have taken place away from the main building area round City Square. The block is Uniafric House, which is the headquarters of the local branch of Unilever Limited.

THE SNUFF-TAKING HABIT

An Old London Family Firm; the History of Snuff; its Manufacture; Evocative Names of Old Snuffs; the Decline of the Habit; Medicinal Attributes

By BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

TWO doors down from Coventry Street on the left-hand side is 34, Haymarket; as perfect an example of an eighteenth-century shop as you can hope to see anywhere. It is an exquisite building. It has many-paned little bow windows (" pot-bellied," James Bone called them) and a narrow doorway with a fanlight and two little steps up from the street, and inside there is an open Adam screen separating shop from office. It is nothing less than a miracle that it should have survived the German blitz, and it is very much to be hoped that it will survive the rebuilding blitz which is daily changing the face of London and obliterating for all time its ancient personality.

The shop is, of course, that of Fribourg and Treyer, tobacconists, famous all over the world, although I doubt if one in a hundred of the hurrying thousands who throng Haymarket every weekday notices it. The modern eye is conditioned to size, and this is but a small place. But if you stop and look into the windows, you will at once realise that this is not an ordinary tobacco shop. Along with the packages of cigarettes, there will almost certainly be an ancient tobacco jar or two, and perhaps a bottle or two, and a canister. If you go in, where you would expect to see the twenty-packs of popular cigarette brands, there are oaken shelves with their rows of old wooden boxes and snuff jars.

It was as a Snuff House—" The Old Snuff House at The Rasp and Crown at the upper End of the Haymarket, London "—that Fribourg and Treyer achieved fame. The firm " has sent snuff to all the crowned noses of Europe, and had even made Napoleon sneeze." I quote James Bone. That quotation shows that Mr. Bone was not a snuff-taker: habitual snuff-takers do not sneeze. But the rest is true enough. The firm did supply snuff to Napoleon when he was at St. Helena. If you buy a tin of snuff to-day, you will find around it an old-fashioned label which informs you (in appropriately antique type) that the firm are purveyors of tobaccos and foreign snuffs to " the Kings of Hanover, the Dukes of Sussex, Cambridge, and the Duchess of Kent." That Duchess of Kent was the mother of Queen Victoria.

One day, away back before the war, one of the partners was kind enough to show me the old ledgers. The business has been in the same family since 1780, when Mr. Fribourg, the founder, retired. I cannot now remember all the famous names. But I do remember being shown a list of the favourite snuffs of King George IV (one of them was called " King's Morning Mixture ") and I remember that Queen Charlotte bought snuff here for nineteen years or thereabouts. Beau Brummell and David Garrick were customers, I remember, and so were the Duke of Bedford and the Countess of Shrewsbury. But then, I should doubt if there is a famous society name of the eighteenth or early nineteenth century which is not to be found in those old ledgers.

Cortez discovered that the Mexicans used snuff and sent some back to Spain. In that country it became fashionable to take snuff about 1620, but the habit did not reach England until the beginning of the eighteenth century, although it was popular in Ireland and Scotland at a much earlier date. It seems to have reached this country as a result of Sir George Rooke's expedition to Vigo in 1702. The English fleet then seized an enormous booty, which included a great cargo of snuff, which it is said was ultimately sold in English ports for as little as threepence a pound. Soon everybody was snuffing.

But the manufacture of snuff on any scale did not begin in England until the middle of the eighteenth century. At that time it was made by powdering tobacco, the powder being later coloured and perfumed with various scents. To-day it is manufactured from ground tobacco leaves and stems, particularly so, I understand—I do not know anything about it myself—from the mid-rib of the tobacco leaf. It is a very highly-skilled business. It is manufactured at a great variety of moistures, ranging from the very dry (the Irish and Welsh " High Dried " snuffs) to the heavier and humid " Rappee " snuffs. Not only are there varying degrees of moisture; there are also varying degrees of fineness according to the class or type of snuff. During the grinding process alkaline salts are used and flavour is added as required. Finally, all snuffs are sifted to ensure that they have the correct " grain ": that is, the correct measure of fineness.

Snuff became so fashionable that Steele published in the *Spectator* " the rules for offering snuff to a stranger, a friend or a mistress, according to the degree of familiarity or distance." They included the Pinch Scornful, the Pinch Surly, the Pinch Politick, the Pinch Careless, and so on. Steele was being satirical: there can be no doubt that the taking and offering of snuff did become over-mannered. But, at least it was always, even among the lowest orders, attended by manners, always it had its graces (which is a great deal more than can be said for cigarette-smoking), and it led to the creation of those beautiful jewelled boxes, those lovely bottles, now so eagerly sought by collectors.

How wonderful, how evocative, are the names of the old snuffs! The earlier snuffs, as do some of the modern ones—Carnation, for example—bore the names of flowers or of herbs: Bargamota, Jessimina, Neroly, and so on. But soon they acquired the names of their country of origin or manufacture, and occasionally (as with Bolangaro) of their maker: Hollanda, St. Vincent, San Domingo, Etrenne (which was Louis XV's favourite), Sabillia, and so on. Most of these have long since disappeared, I think, but you can still get Macauba (which is highly scented and comes from Martinique) and Masulipatam (a dark, moist snuff with a very individual flavour which comes from India). For that matter, you can still get Prince's, a black Rappee with a most distinctive scent, which was made for the Prince Regent.

Snuffs of British manufacture seem always to have borne more prosaic names, except for the comparatively modern tendency to name some of them after flowers, the flower presumably bearing some connection with the scent. I do not think that one can get Hoxton nowadays, and I am sure that Scholten's Best Rappee (once a very popular snuff) has long since disappeared. But there is still the famous Kendal Brown, named after the brown cloth which was made there by a colony of Flemish weavers, though Kendal Green, a scented snuff named after the green cloth, died out long, long ago. Many fine snuffs, some of them with flower names, still come out of Kendal, which has a great reputation as a snuff town. But the largest snuff-mill in the British Isles is, I believe, in Ireland.

Snuff-taking, as an almost universal habit, is said to have died out after the introduction of the cigarette, which came about 1850, although cigarettes did not really become popular until the introduction of Russian cigarettes in the '60's. But I think that the real death-blow was struck by the fashion for white handkerchiefs. It was surely the white handkerchief which caused snuff-taking to become regarded as a dirty habit. But " death-blow " is altogether too strong a term. It is true that it is now rare to find, except in certain parts of Ireland and Scotland, women who take snuff. Certainly one would not to-day find so confirmed a female snuff-taker as Margaret Thompson, who died in 1776 and left a will directing that she should be buried in snuff; the best Scotch snuff, moreover (that would have been Gillespie's); that the six greatest snuff-takers in the parish of St. James, Westminster, should be her bearers; that six maidens should bear her pall and that each was to carry a box of the best Scotch snuff for refreshment on the way; and that her servant was to walk before the coffin, distributing snuff to the crowd every twenty yards.

But it would be quite wrong to suggest that snuff-taking is dead. It is very far from it. Compositors, miners, policemen, clergymen, lawyers number among their ranks many snuff-takers, and many people who cannot smoke while on duty enjoy snuff. Some of them still consume considerable quantities. Let me quote H. V. Morton:

The greatest snuff-takers I have known have been newspaper compositors. I remember a compositor years ago who was in the habit of celebrating the foundry-wards departure of the home page with Gargantuan draughts of snuff. As soon as the page had left the case-room, he brought a large tin from his pocket and, extending his bare arm, laid a thick trail of powder from the elbow to the wrist. He would then lower his head and pass his great nose in rapid motion along the brown powder. Nothing would be left but a few grains lying among the hairs and the printer's ink. There was something monstrous about the act: it was rather like watching a man drink tumblers of neat brandy. Oddly enough, I never remember to have seen him sneeze, and he had the reputation of never having suffered from a cold.

I cannot say that I have ever seen anyone take snuff in quantities at a time like that. But I have known some pretty considerable snuff-takers and in all walks of life. And there are London clubs which provided a free pinch of snuff after a meal: or there were until quite recently; I had a list of them!

You will have gathered that I am a snuff-taker. I was introduced to it when I was at Oxford, and I have taken it ever since. I always carry two snuff-boxes (pewter, not jewelled), one with a High Dried and the other with a Rappee. I do not take it in great quantities: just a pinch now and then, especially after meals and when I am in a crowded place, such as a London Tube in the rush-hour. Then it always creates a considerable sensation and when, incidentally, I am almost invariably asked for a pinch. And I do not take it instead of smoking. I smoke an ounce of pipe tobacco a day: and I do not refuse a cigarette when I am offered one! I very rarely sneeze (unfortunately, for that is a luxury which I rather enjoy) and, though I cannot say that I never catch a cold, I can truthfully say that I do so very rarely: perhaps once in two or three years, something like that. There is, in fact, a lot to be said for snuff. A dirty habit? Well, I have been told that often enough. It leaves me quite unmoved. I have seen more waistcoats stained with soup than I have ever seen stained with snuff.

A FRENCH SNUFF-BOX OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY: Part of the collection at the Victoria and Albert Museum, in London, this box is made of Japanese lacquer mounted in gold. It was designed by Pierre François Drais in Paris and is dated 1767.

AN UNUSUAL DESIGN: The snuff-box in gilt is in the form of a mask of Lord Nelson. It was made in London and is inscribed " Calibri, Copenhagen, Trafalgar October 21, 1805."

A GIFT TO THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON: This snuff-box is in gold. It was presented with the freedom of the town to the famous English general by the borough of Hertford in 1814. It is inscribed with a London hall-mark.

PRINCESS MARGARET AT THE PALACE THEATRE, IN SHAFTESBURY AVENUE: After the charity preview of the new Rodgers and Hammerstein musical, *Flower Drum Song*, Her Royal Highness goes backstage to meet the cast. In this picture she is accompanied by Jerome Whyte, the producer. The performance, which the Princess attended with Mr. Armstrong-Jones, was in aid of three charities.

Royal Visit to the New Musical

Princess Margaret and Her Fiancé
see "Flower Drum Song"

BEFORE THE SHOW: In the Royal box the Princess and her fiancé await the rise of the curtain. *On left*—Her Royal Highness receives a bouquet as she enters the theatre. Earlier in the day it had been announced from Buckingham Palace that the Princess and Mr. Armstrong-Jones will spend their honeymoon cruising in the Royal Yacht *Britannia*. (Other pictures of Princess Margaret with the Queen Mother are on page 28.)

Filming in New Guinea

An Australian Documentary of a Remote and Primitive People

ON PATROL IN NEW GUINEA: In the Duna-Strickland area of the highlands of Papua-New Guinea, natives carry the loads of an Australian Government patrol. The natives seize the opportunity offered by the protection of the patrol to pass through the country of other tribes, hostile to them, but quickly disappear once they have reached their objective. A film of Australian Government work among the primitive peoples of Papua-New Guinea, called *New Guinea Patrol*, began its run in London this week.

On right—

ACROSS A STREAM: On a swaying bamboo bridge, a unit director, Neil Howe (centre), watches a bearer cross a mountain stream with camera gear. Left is the producer of *New Guinea Patrol*, R. M. Williams, and on the right is a cameraman, Reg. Pearse.

THE FASCINATION OF THE FILM CAMERA: A carrier peers thr the view-finder of a camera belonging to an Austr News and Information Bureau Film Unit accompany patrol in the highlands in 1957. Watching, left, is who attached himself as a guide in the Koplago

THE DIFFICULTIES OF SUPPLY: A Norseman light aircraft flies in lo collection of huts and shelters was erected to house thir was engaged in dropping medical necessities. Many

Administration patrols of the Australian Government have been engaged for some years now in the task of bringing better living standards to the primitive and remote peoples of Papua and New Guinea, governed by Australia under United Nations Trusteeship. The difficulties and fascination of the terrain and the tribes living in the Southern Highlands are shown in a film made by the Films Division of the Australian Government's News and Information Bureau. This is called *New Guinea Patrol*, and it opened this week at the Odeon, Leicester Square, in London. On April 11, it will be generally released by Rank Film Producers.

Filmed in colour by various units, which spent months in the jungles, swamps and mist-shrouded mountains of southern New Guinea, *New Guinea Patrol* is a record of the work carried out among some of the world's most primitive tribes, the people of the Duna country. These people, whose customs and ways of living are reminiscent of the Stone Age, were first seen by Australian administration patrols in 1955. They were the first Europeans to reach the densely-inhabited valley, where the natives cultivated neat gardens, trapped small birds and game, and decorated themselves with human hair wigs, birds' wings, dogs' teeth, and colourful shells.

The narrow, steep Lavani Valley was called by the newspapers Shangri-La. But it was less romantic than that. What appeared from the air to be an expanse of fertile grasslands was revealed to be a vast swamp, in which patrols sank up to their chests. The Duna people live on a monotonous subsistence diet, going in terror of evil spirits, sorcerers and tribal enemies who attack them with barbed arrows and stone axes. They suffer from yaws, tropical ulcers and malaria. *New Guinea Patrol* shows how already Government patrols are winning their confidence, bringing better living standards to their remote valley.

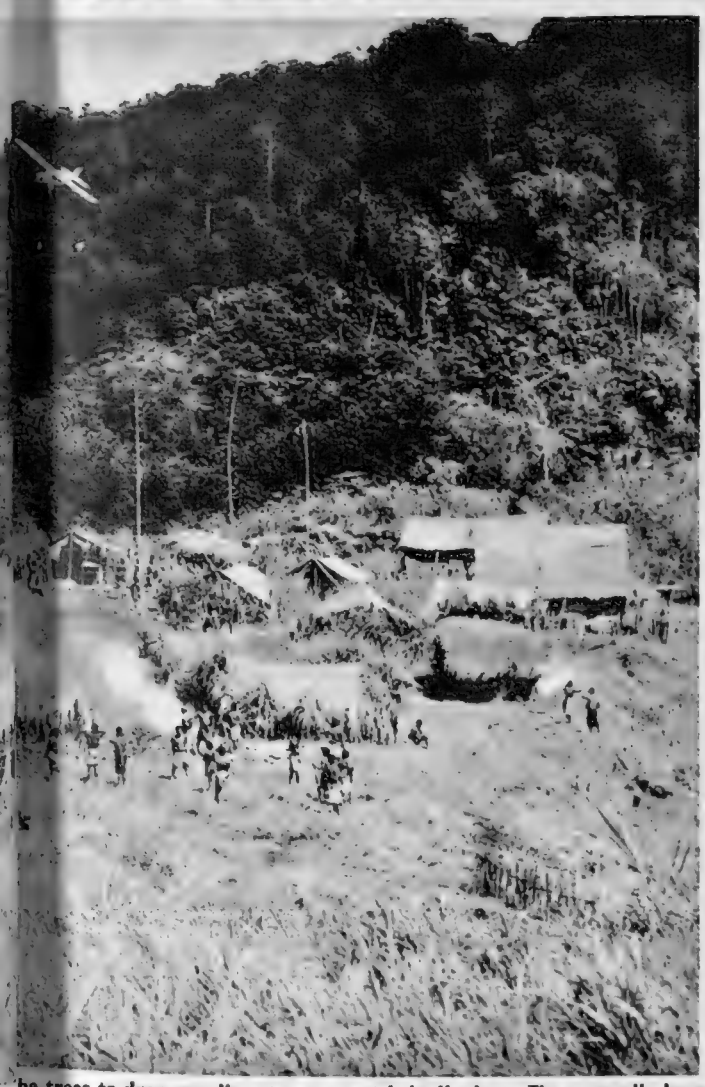
Based on the small administrative outpost of Tari, a film unit spent seventy days struggling through mountain ranges, up to 15,000 ft. high. The slippery native tracks wound through swamps and shoulder-high kunai grass. On its way the unit met one tribal group which had never seen Europeans before. They made a tentative friendship with an armed tribe, which later ambushed a patrol officer. All the time they were forced to depend on rations dropped at selected points by a light aircraft, which crashed in the jungle halfway through the journey.

At the same time a second unit travelled in other regions of Papua and New Guinea. The towns are few and scattered and the only reasonable travel is by aircraft. Even that is not easy. At Tapini, for instance, inland from Port Moresby, the tiny airstrip is 6,000 ft. above sea-level. The aircraft have to approach over a mountain ridge, drop into the next valley, flying along it with the wings almost touching the valley's sides, and then make a 90-degree turn to land on a small grassy strip which runs steeply uphill.

According to Neil Howe, director of the film unit, one of the best pilots they had was the Bishop of Wewak, who put his aircraft at their disposal on the Sepik River. Among the best-known figures in New Guinea, Bishop Arkfelt flies his light aeroplane to the string of mission stations run by the Society of the Holy Word in the mountains and jungle of north-west New Guinea.

R. M. Williams, producer of the first film unit, described a further difficulty. To get a warrior to perform a particular action, he had to speak to the patrol officer, who told his native interpreter in pidgin English. The interpreter turned to a Huri-speaking native who passed on the request to a Duna man of the locality, who told an elderly villager, who told the warrior.

IMPROVING LIVING STANDARDS: An enthusiastic crowd cut a road to their village, following their tradition of turning out in strength for community work. They faithfully follow lines and road levels set by the Administration officer, who visits the district once a week on the day allotted by the people for road work.



he trees to drop supplies at a camp at Lake Kopiago. The unusually large arriers in wards, so that they could be adequately treated. The aircraft ustralian Government patrols depend on aircraft for essential items.

ACROSS THE RIVER AND INTO THE TREES: A part of an Australian patrol crosses an improvised bridge in the highlands. Twelve hours previously the river-bed was dry, but heavy overnight rains had turned it into a raging torrent. In the foreground carriers transport a camera on an improvised stretcher.

VOLCANO ISLAND

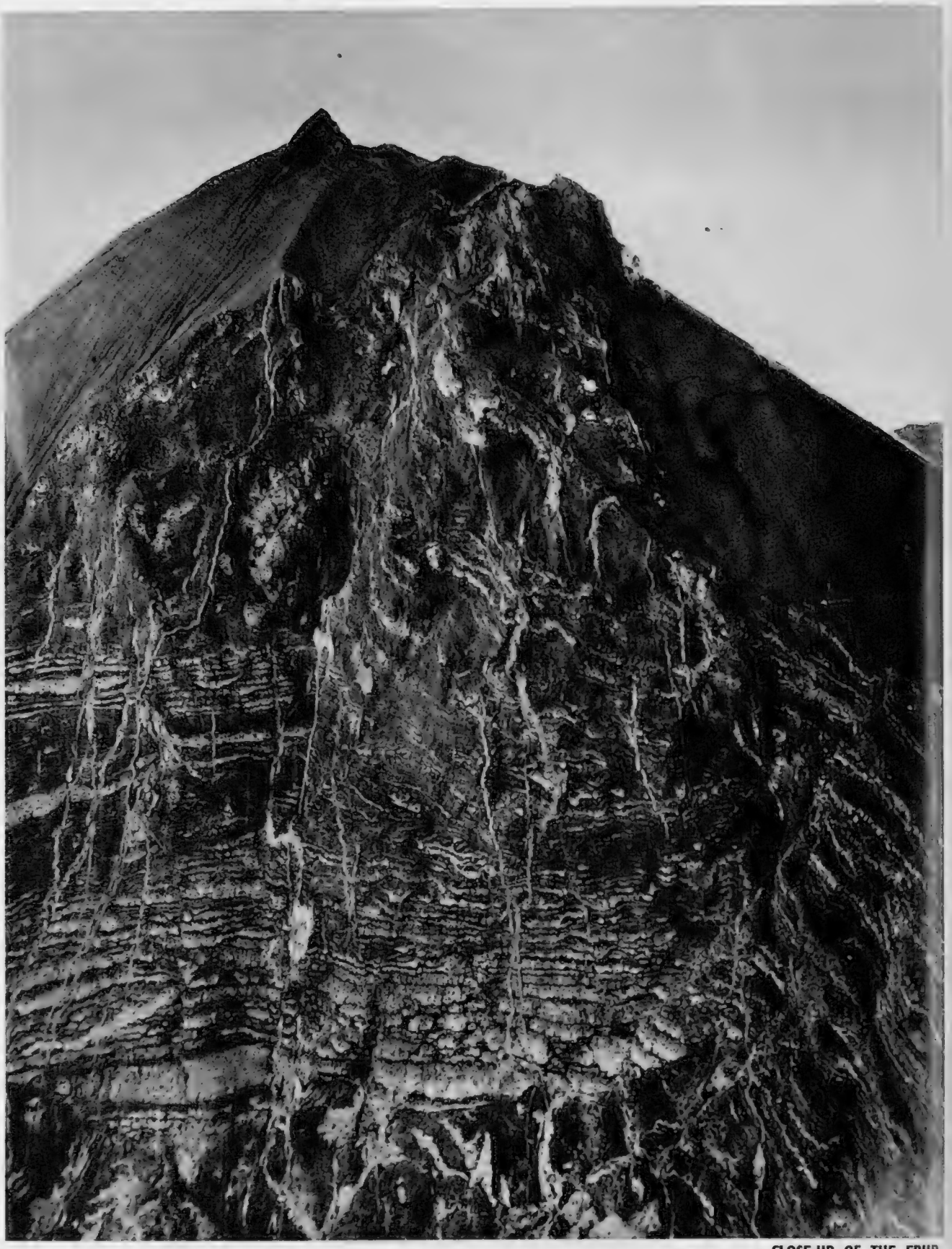
An Eruption off the Northern Coast of New Guinea

The island of Manam, lying off the north mainland of Australian New Guinea, is dominated by an imposing peak. It is a volcanic mountain with two craters. A fortnight ago they erupted, and although the south crater soon quietened, the north crater continued to menace the population for some days. An Australian correspondent who flew over the peak reported that flames more than 100 ft. in height were leaping from it and that two streams of molten lava, each 50 ft. wide, were pouring down the steep cliffs. Mr. Williams, the District Commissioner at Padang, also made a flight over the island and reported considerable activity in the north crater.

Quantities of smouldering ashes descended on a number of villages and the Australian volcanologist on Manam, Mr. G. A. Taylor, asked for police to be sent from the mainland in case people had to be evacuated from dangerous areas. Two villages were afflicted with the ashes to such an extent that it was deemed necessary for the inhabitants to be moved. Early last week the activity of the north crater was less intense and the villagers were permitted to return to their homes.

This did not mean that all danger was past. The crater continued to produce occasional explosions and a fountain of lava was almost continuously thrown up from it. Police were instructed to keep a round-the-clock watch on the volcano and Mr. Taylor expressed the opinion that conditions indicated that further eruptions might be expected. However, the authorities did not consider the situation warranted the evacuation to the mainland of any of the inhabitants.

Manam is one of a number of islands in the territory of Australian New Guinea, the north-east part of the island. From 1884 until 1914 this was a German Protectorate and was known as Kaiser Wilhelmsland. A month after the start of the First World War the area was occupied by Australian troops and in 1920 mandated to the Australian Government by the League of Nations. In the Second World War Manam, in common with the rest of New Guinea, was invaded by the Japanese. When Japan was defeated, North-East New Guinea was handed back to Australia by the United Nations as a Trust Territory.



CLOSE-UP OF THE ERUPTION: Lava cascades down the rocky precipices of the mountain on Manam Island, which is off the north coast of Australian New Guinea. After the recent volcanic outburst had subsided, a careful watch was kept on the craters because there were indications that further eruptions could be expected.

On left—

NEW GUINEA VOLCANO: Clouds of smoke rise from the peak of Manam Island. Sometimes flames were leaping to a height of more than 100 ft. and the crater was discharging two streams of lava, each 50 ft. wide. A request was sent to the mainland for police to assist in the evacuation of inhabitants from potentially dangerous areas. People in two villages which were covered in ash were moved from their homes. Later, when the eruption quietened, they were allowed to return.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY SELECTION COMMITTEE AT WORK: They give their verdict on one of the thousands of pictures sent in for the Summer Exhibition. Members of the committee are, from the left: Mr. Norman Hepple; Mr. James Woodford; Mr. R. T. Cowern; Mr. Rodney Burn; Mr. John Ward; Mr. R. O. Dunlop; Mr. Arnold Mason; Sir Charles Wheeler, the President of the Royal Academy; Lord Methuen; Mr. Cosmo Clark; and Mr. John Nash. More than 10,000 pictures were submitted for consideration for the exhibition which will be opened to the public on Saturday, April 30. Only about 3,000 paintings are likely to be hung.

ART IN THE NEWS

On left—

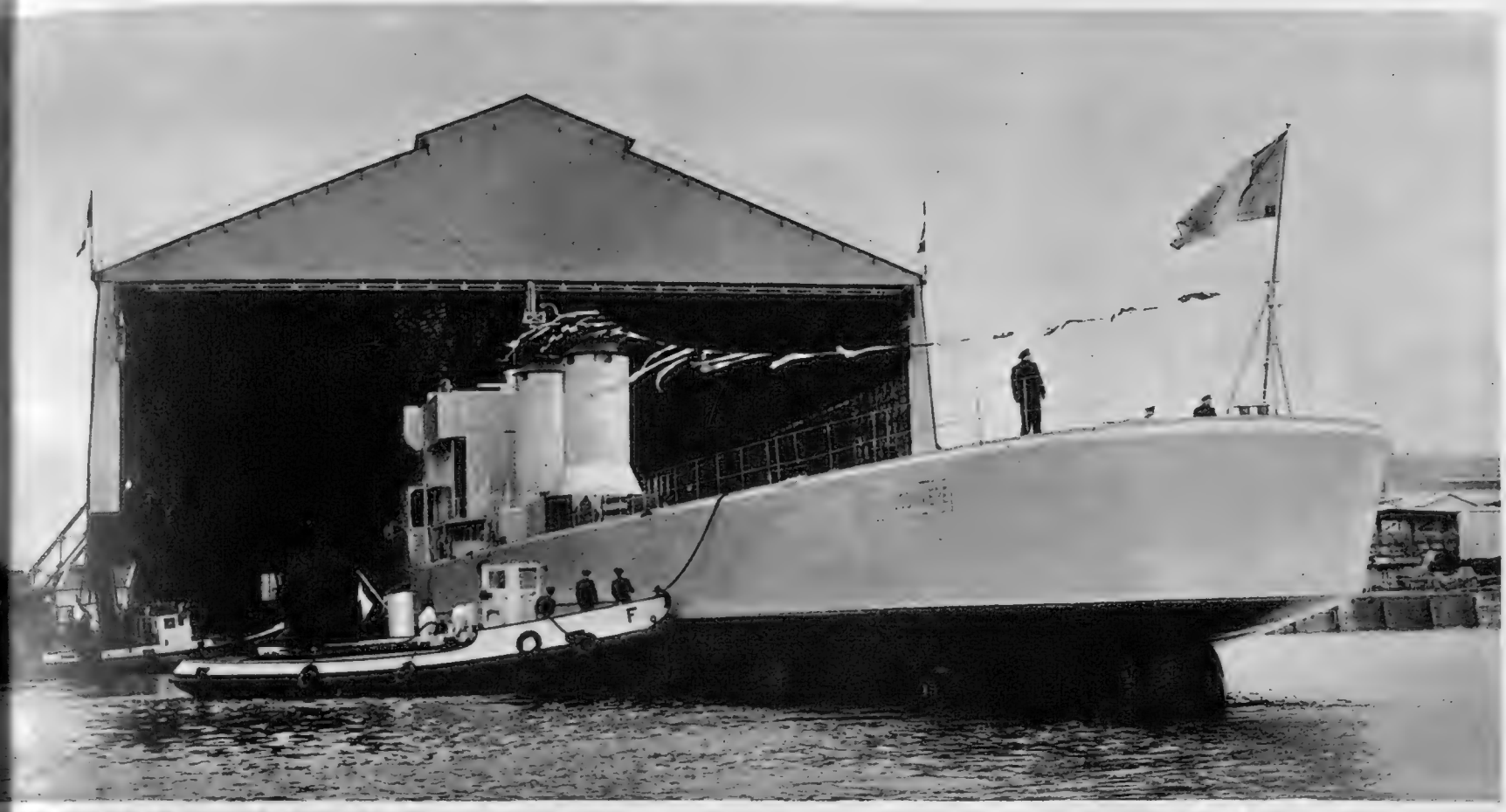
A PROTEST MARCH: Members of the Anti-Ugly Action Group walk towards Speakers' Corner, Hyde Park, London, to release about 800 balloons. These carried labels, addressed to the Minister of Housing, bearing a protest against the design of the five-storey office block planned for a site near St. Martin-in-the-Fields. It was hoped that the labels would find their way to Mr. Brooke. The message read, "Having observed the ease with which bad and mediocre buildings can be foisted on the public as at Piccadilly Circus and St. Martin's, I should like to call for publication of all designs before approval."

A GAINSBOROUGH FOR £130,000: At Sotheby's, Mr. Peter Wilson, the auctioneer, asks for bids for the painting displayed—the portrait by the young Gainsborough of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Andrews in their park at Auberies, near Sudbury, in Suffolk. This was painted about 1748 when the artist was twenty-one, and has been long recognised as one of the most enchanting works of English eighteenth-century portraiture. Thomas Agnew and Sons paid £130,000 for the picture, a record auction price for a Gainsborough. The painting was done about the time when Robert Andrews married and it is suggested that it may have been a wedding gift. Works by Gainsborough have for long commanded high prices: in 1876 Sir William Agnew paid 10,500 gns. at Christie's for the Duchess of Devonshire portrait; and Lord Duveen probably paid over £100,000 for "The Blue Boy" in a private sale.

MAKING READY FOR A POSSIBLE CHALLENGE FOR THE AMERICA'S CUP: At Cowes, Isle of Wight, preparations are made to launch the rebuilt yacht *Norsaga* with her cradle. *Below*—After the launching, workmen rock the hull to get the yacht out of her cradle. The *Norsaga* is a test-bed for design features which may be incorporated in a possible challenger for the America's Cup. A six-man syndicate, headed by Lord Craigmyle, bought the craft and had her converted at Cowes. They have committed themselves to a sixteen-month, £40,000 research programme on the *Norsaga* so that the best possible design for a challenger can be produced. Every facet of the yacht's performance in all sea and weather conditions will be studied. Models will be tested in tanks against the information gleaned from experiments with the *Norsaga*. The challenger for the America's Cup, if it is decided to build her, will be named *Red Duster*, and she will probably race in 1962 or 1963.

THE THIRD IN A SERIES OF FIVE: The 7,500-ton motorship *Barpeta* enters the wa Govan. The freighter is being built for the British India Steam Navigation Co Limited at the shipyard of Harland and Wolff Limited. Two similar vessels *Bulimba* and the *Bankura*, are already in service, and the fourth in the se five is under construction. The *Barpeta* is 395 ft. long between perpendiculars breadth of 59 ft. and a depth of 32 ft. 6 ins. Her diesel engine drives a single pro and will give a service speed of about 16 knots. Two of the *Barpeta*'s cargo holds space for the carriage of refrigerated produce and there are tanks for the transport of oil. Modern cargo-handling equipment will include five electric deck cranes and 10-ton derricks at the foremast. There is a complete sea-water evaporator and distilling

TROUBLE AT FLEETWOOD: A dredger works at low water in the narrow channel harbour. Fleetwood fishermen are concerned about the level of water through numerous sandbanks. There is less water in it now than at any time have run aground within minutes of starting their voyages. Several others have Fleetwood Fishing Vessels Owners' Association, the British Transport Commissi



A NEW KIND OF SHIP FOR THE FRENCH NAVY: Tugs tend *La Galissonière* after her launching at the naval dockyard at Lorient, in north-western France. With a standard displacement of 2,750 tons, the new French warship is designed as a command ship, a squadron escort and a flotilla leader. Her armament will include offensive sonar and anti-submarine apparatus, with conventional and homing torpedoes. She will be fitted experimentally with guided missiles, and will be the first French ship so armed. *La Galissonière* will also carry helicopters.

In Shipyards and Harbours

Launches in England, Scotland, Northern Ireland and France; Dredging and a Refit

On left—

A REFIT FOR A PASSENGER LINER: The P. & O. vessel *Chusan* is at a berth at Harland and Wolff's Belfast shipyard. Her refit, which was completed last month, was similar to those carried out last year in the *Orcades*, the Orient Line vessel, and the *Arcadia*, at Belfast, and in the *Oronsay*, at Liverpool. Work included the installation of air-conditioning throughout all the passenger and crew accommodation and public rooms. Fitted into the space previously occupied by the ventilation equipment, the air-conditioning units provide automatic control of temperature throughout the ship. During the refit, the standard of accommodation was improved. Many first-class cabins were fitted with private toilet facilities and also a number in the tourist class. The main and auxiliary machinery was surveyed and reconditioned.

To the fish dock at Britain's fourth largest fishing channel, which threads its way for some 400 yards remember and recently several outward-bound trawlers imprisoned in the dock. After complaints by the given an assurance that the channel will be deepened.

A NEW BULK CARRIER FOR NORWAY: The 18,000-ton motor vessel *Tresfonn* slides down the slipway into the water at Belfast. Built for the bulk carriage of ore, coal or grain, the ship is being constructed for Skibsaktieselskapet Dalfonn (Sigval Bergesen), of Stavanger, Norway, by Harland and Wolff Limited. The builders have also under construction for the same owners a similar bulk carrier and a 42,000-ton oil tanker. The *Tresfonn*, with a length between perpendiculars of 520 ft. and a breadth of 70 ft., has seven cargo holds. The engine-room is at the after-end of the ship, as is all her accommodation, which has a mechanical system of heating and ventilation.

A STATELY HOME SETTING FOR A FASHION SHOW GIVEN IN THE PRESENCE OF THE QUEEN MOTHER AND PRINCESS MARGARET: Mannequins curtsy to the Royal party at the conclusion of the private fashion parade organised by the eleven members of the Incorporated Society of London Fashion Designers, at Osterley Park, Middlesex. It was the first time that the combined collection of London's couturiers had been shown in a stately home, the parade taking place in the Long Gallery of the house which was built by Robert Adam between 1760 and 1780, and given to the nation by the ninth Earl of Jersey in 1949. The display was given under the title of "From Tweeds to Tiaras," and there were more than 130 models on show. In the final section of a series of ball dresses, the mannequins wore jewellery valued at £250,000. Two further shows, held on the following day, were given in aid of the National Fund for Poliomyelitis Research. On the day of the Royal show it was announced that about half the number of models displayed at Osterley Park were to be flown to the United States for a special parade at a ball to be given in New York later this month. Subsequent shows will be given in Washington and other cities in the United States, before displays in Canada.

FASHIONS AT OSTERLEY

The Queen Mother and Princess Margaret Attend a Private Dress Show

THE ROYAL PARTY: The Queen Mother, in a beige taffeta dress and coat, is sitting between Lady Pamela Berry, President of the Incorporated Society of London Fashion Designers, and Mr. Hardy Amies, chairman of the Society. Princess Margaret is wearing a green velvet coat and high turban of green and black net.

On left—

THE DISPLAY OF BALL DRESSES: Mannequins, wearing tiaras and other jewellery with their gowns, walk along the dais running the length of the Long Gallery. Adorning the walls are the Beauvais tapestries.

TRANSPORT BY PIPELINE

By "THE SPHERE" INDUSTRIAL CORRESPONDENT

A FEW years ago, when certain British steel companies put in special plant for making the large-diameter pipe that goes into oil and natural gas pipelines, most of the markets that they had in mind were far overseas, in the region of the producing wells. Large-scale projects, for example, were in preparation for increasing pipeline capacity in the Middle East. That particular market, to-day, is not nearly as promising as it seemed. With a world-wide surplus of petroleum, and fresh supplies becoming available in many new places, the international oil companies are no longer as anxious to commit themselves to the large and comparatively immovable investment in transport in politically uncertain areas that such lines constitute. Oddly enough, and rather suddenly, the emphasis has shifted: the more important developments in pipelines, for the present, are nearer home, on the Continent and in Britain itself. There are, at the moment, about 14 major pipeline projects under construction or in prospect in Western Europe; in Britain, there are about half a dozen. In areas producing oil, by contrast, pipelines are being built only where they are indispensable to deliver the crude oil and natural gas to coastal terminals, as in the case of France's oil discoveries in the Sahara.

These European developments are all associated with the rapid growth of the market for petroleum products, but they are by no means all of the same kind. Broadly, one can sum it up by saying that most lines on the Continent are to carry crude oil to refineries inland; most of those being constructed or already built in Britain are to carry products from coastal refineries to terminals near inland markets. The European pipelines, that is to say, are developments in what the oil industry classifies as "transportation"—before the oil is processed into the forms in which customers use it. Much of the British development, on the other hand, is a further shift in the pattern and physical means of "distributing" oil products for sale.

The difference is largely a matter of geography. Oilfields, for the most part, are situated in areas fairly remote from the places where oil products can be sold in large volume. For many years, while the business was growing, the most logical place to refine the crude oil into products was near the refinery. Few consuming markets were advanced enough to want everything that can be refined out of a barrel of crude oil, and it seemed most economic to transport simply what each wanted. Later, as national markets developed in size and complexity, came the big shift. The industry began to move crude oil from the production areas to refineries built on the coasts of the consuming countries, which could by now use the whole gamut of products.

In Britain, an island with a long and indented coastline and nowhere more than 80 miles from the sea, the coastal refinery remains adequate to our needs. The few cases in which pipelines exist or are being laid down to serve refineries farther inland are where deep harbours or terminals able to take very large tankers are being linked to refineries also near the coast, but more conveniently situated for transport. These include the pipelines from Finnart on Loch Long to Grangemouth, and from Angle Bay, in Milford Haven, to Llandarcy. It is worth noting that while British Petroleum has decided to make use of Milford Haven in this way, Esso's decision has been to build a refinery there.

Most of Britain's pipeline projects, on the other hand, will run from refineries to major markets. These simply reflect the growth of consumption and the shift in techniques of distribution to meet it. A few petroleum products used in Britain, such as lubricating oil, are still in the stage where they are moved and sold in containers. Most products, such as gasolene and fuel oil, are moved in tanks, on barges, rail tank cars and road tank wagons, and the tendency over recent years has been to enlarge the size of each tank unit as much as possible; "the bigger the drop," the cheaper the movement works out.

Certain products, however, move in big enough volume to the same customer or group of customers to justify the heavy capital cost of a pipeline. These include petroleum feedstocks for the chemical industry, such as Shell pipes from its Stanlow refinery to its petrochemical plant at Partington, and as Esso proposes to pipe from Fawley to I.C.I.'s new chemical complex on Severnside; flows of refinery gases or products for making gas, as from Shellhaven to Romford gasworks; and now, it is planned, pipelines from Fawley and also from Shellhaven and Coryton to London Airport, which is a voracious consumer of, in particular, aviation gasoline and jet turbine fuel. Shell is also contemplating a pipeline from its Thameside refineries to storage depots somewhere in Hertfordshire. Esso, when the pipeline to near London Airport is laid, may link it with a further line up to a storage depot close to Birmingham.

The companies operating in Britain are already making use of certain parts of the 1,200 miles of pipelines laid during the war to move petroleum products round the country, primarily to serve R.A.F. stations. Discussions are now in train for the employment of other unused sections, where these would fit into the peacetime flow of the petroleum business.

The geography of the European oil market is very different. The main centres of oil consumption, on the Continent, are often much farther from the coast than anywhere in Britain. A few small refineries have existed for some time away from the coast, fed with their crude oil by water, rail and road, or more recently by small-diameter pipelines. To-day, with the rapid development of markets remote from the coast and with the relatively high cost of moving products, the trend is towards large refineries in the inland industrial areas, and towards big trunk pipelines to serve them with crude oil. Such new refinery locations as Strasbourg, Karlsruhe, Munich, and Aigle, in Switzerland, would only make sense if served with big-diameter trunk lines. Wesseling, near Cologne, is already fed by a big 70-centimetre pipeline from Wilhelmshafen.

A big trunk pipeline can move huge volumes of oil in a year. Although it represents a very big capital investment, it can be a much cheaper way of moving oil than rail or road tank wagons or small-scale tank barges, provided that there is a steady enough demand for a one-way flow of oil to keep it fully employed. The extent to which the huge investments now being put into European crude pipelines pay off will depend upon the speed of growth of the inland markets and the extent to which the refineries they serve avoid overlapping. Their profitability may take some time to develop, since as is only logical the trunk lines are being laid with the requirements of fifteen to twenty years hence in mind.

Some of these pipelines connect terminals with only one refinery, others serve more than one, and in most cases the lines are being financed jointly by more than one company. In Britain, the product lines projected so far are one-company lines, but the industry is considering the possibility of lines financed jointly, possibly on the "common carrier" basis upon which most major pipelines are run in the United States.

Oil is not the only thing that can be moved along pipelines (and not all oil can very easily; one reason for the slow development of these lines in Britain is our emphasis in demand upon fuel oil, much of which is so viscous that it needs heating and lagging of the pipe if it is to be sent along a pipeline). Gas is normally delivered along a pipe. Britain does not possess the natural gas for which hundreds of thousands of miles of big pipelines have been built in the United States (with big developments in Europe, and proposals to run a line for Saharan gas across the Mediterranean). But the possibility of gas production and import in larger units from our coalfields or our coasts may involve a national gas grid of pipelines as part of the technical revolution this industry needs in order to withstand its competitors.

Even coal can be moved—generally in liquid, as a "slurry"—along pipelines, where the flow is one-way and constant. The National Coal Board has been studying American techniques that are already some way advanced, and has been discussing with very big customers such as the Central Electricity Generating Board the economics of delivering supplies in this way. Some would argue that it is mainly towards delivery in some such way—along pipelines as a "liquidised solid," or, processed, as gas, or as electricity along transmission lines, processed into a different "fuel of convenience"—that the coal industry should direct its efforts in an increasingly competitive fuel market. Such developments, which are logical enough, would have serious consequences for the railways, as indeed will the development of products pipelines by the oil companies. The crude pipelines on the Continent are already beginning to have an effect. The developments may also make some difference to the volume of large-scale bulk transport that in recent years has been shifting on to the roads. The pipeline is a transport vehicle that never moves an inch; but on certain jobs it is coming out to pass the vehicles that move on wheels.

AT AN OIL REFINERY IN KENT: The pipe-tracks are at the British Petroleum Company's plant near Rochester. The bends in the pipes allow heat expansion. In the left background is the catalytic cracker unit, where high-grade gasolene is produced for blending into motor and aviation spirits.

In our issue of January 23, we referred to the work of building the superstructure of the Dutch cargo ship, *Nieuwe Tonge*, as having been carried out by the Verolme United Shipyards. This information was supplied to us direct from Holland but is incorrect. Both ship and superstructure were, in fact, built by the N.V. Scheepswerf "De Hoop" at their shipyard at Lobith.

PROGRESS IN INDUSTRY AND ENGINEERING—*A Weekly Survey of Achievement in Britain and Overseas*

ON SCHEDULE AT DURGAPUR

Ever since the autumn of 1956, when a consortium of thirteen British engineering firms signed with the Indian Government the largest single construction contract in British industrial history, work at Durgapur has gone ahead according to schedule. On a site some 3 miles long and 1½ miles wide, a 1,000,000-ton fully integrated iron and steel works is being built. In December of last year the first stage was commissioned. This comprised the first coke oven battery, the first blast furnace, the foundry and pattern shop, and the central engineering maintenance shop. From then, Durgapur had large quantities of pig iron on sale. At the end of this month, the Second Stage is to be commissioned. This comprises the second coke oven battery, the benzol rectification plant, the second blast furnace, the steel melting shop with three open-hearth furnaces, the 42-in. blooming mill, the continuous billet mill, the sleeper bar plant, and the oxygen plant. Stage Three is due to be completed in a year's time, and the last stage a few months later.

With the completion of the second stage, steel ingots will be produced for the first time at Durgapur, and the ingots will be rolled into semi-finished products. In the steel-making shop, the first three basic open-hearth furnaces should be completed ahead of schedule. These will make heats of steel of 200 tons from each charge. After each 200 tons has been tapped into a ladle, it will be transferred by overhead crane to be poured into 7-ton ingot moulds. The ingot steel will require to be re-heated for rolling, and for this purpose there are ten soaking pits.

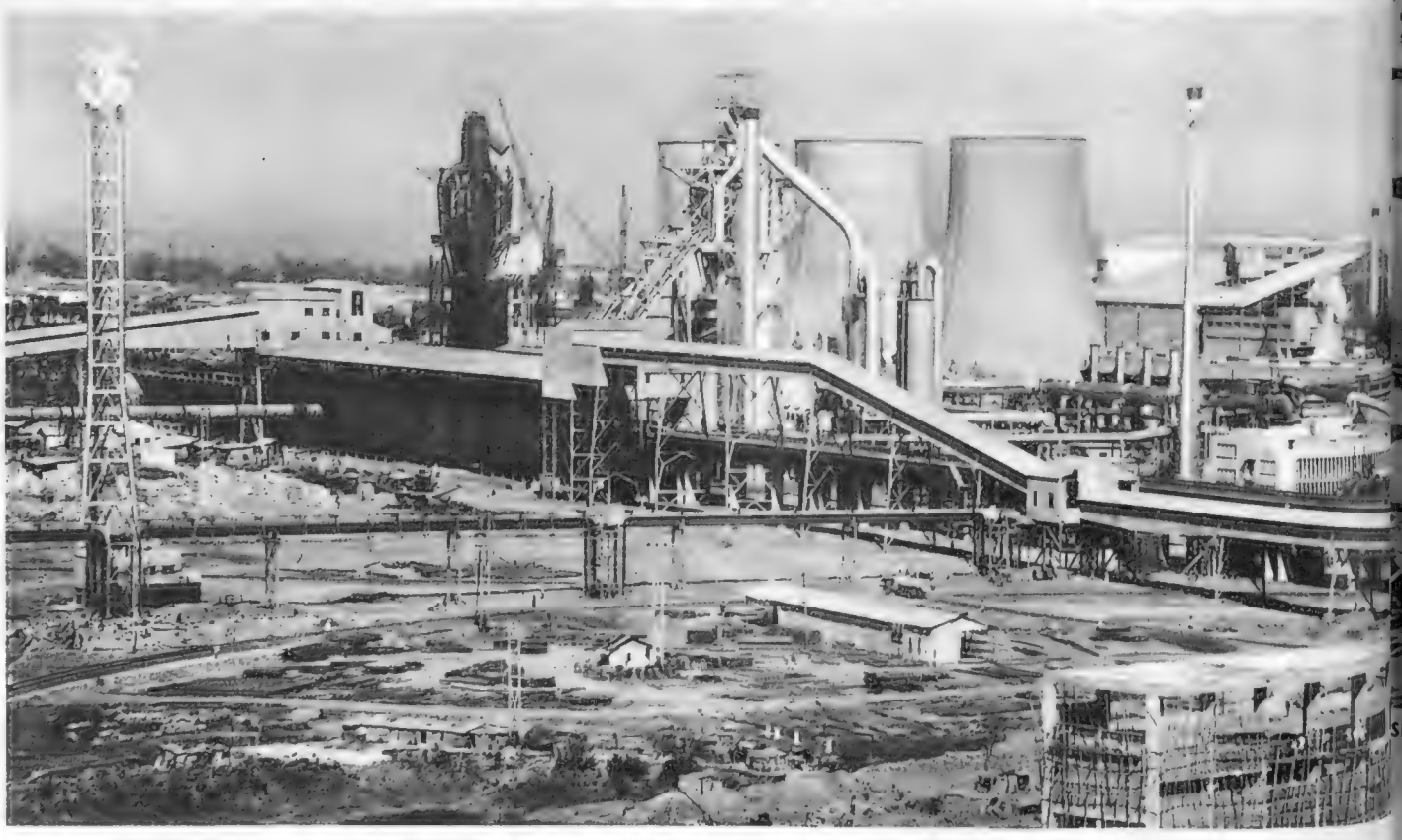
Initially, the ingots will be rolled in the 42-in. blooming mill, which under normal conditions will "squeeze" them to a bloom size about 12 ins. square. An intermediate mill will reduce this to about 7 ins. square, suitable for the continuous billet mill. For the production of sleepers for railway tracks, a sleeper plant is part of the second stage. This will cut to the length required the bars produced by the continuous billet mill; after the sheared bars have been re-heated, the sleepers will be shaped in a heavy press.

Members of the consortium engaged on the gigantic task, ISCON, are Davy and United Engineering Co. Ltd.; Head, Wrightson and Co. Ltd.; Simon-Carves Ltd.; The Wellman Smith Owen Engineering Corporation Ltd.; The Cementation Co. Ltd.; The British Thomson-Houston Co. Ltd.; The English Electric Co. Ltd.; General Electric Co. Ltd.; Metropolitan-Vickers Electrical Co. Ltd.; Sir William Arrol and Co. Ltd.; Dorman Long (Bridge and Engineering) Co. Ltd.; Joseph Parks and Son Ltd.; and The Cleveland Bridge and Engineering Co. Ltd.

WORK AT DURGAPUR: From above can be seen part of the Morgan continuous billet mill under construction in the rolling mill plant. The mammoth steel works are being built on a site 118 miles from Calcutta, in West Bengal, by ISCON, a consortium of thirteen leading British engineering firms. In this section the steel ingots are rolled into square sections for further fabrication at smaller "re-rolling" steel works. Stage One of Durgapur was commissioned last December. This part is concerned with the production of pig iron for sale. Stage Two is due to be commissioned on April 30. This is concerned with the making of steel ingots and with rolling them into semi-finished products.

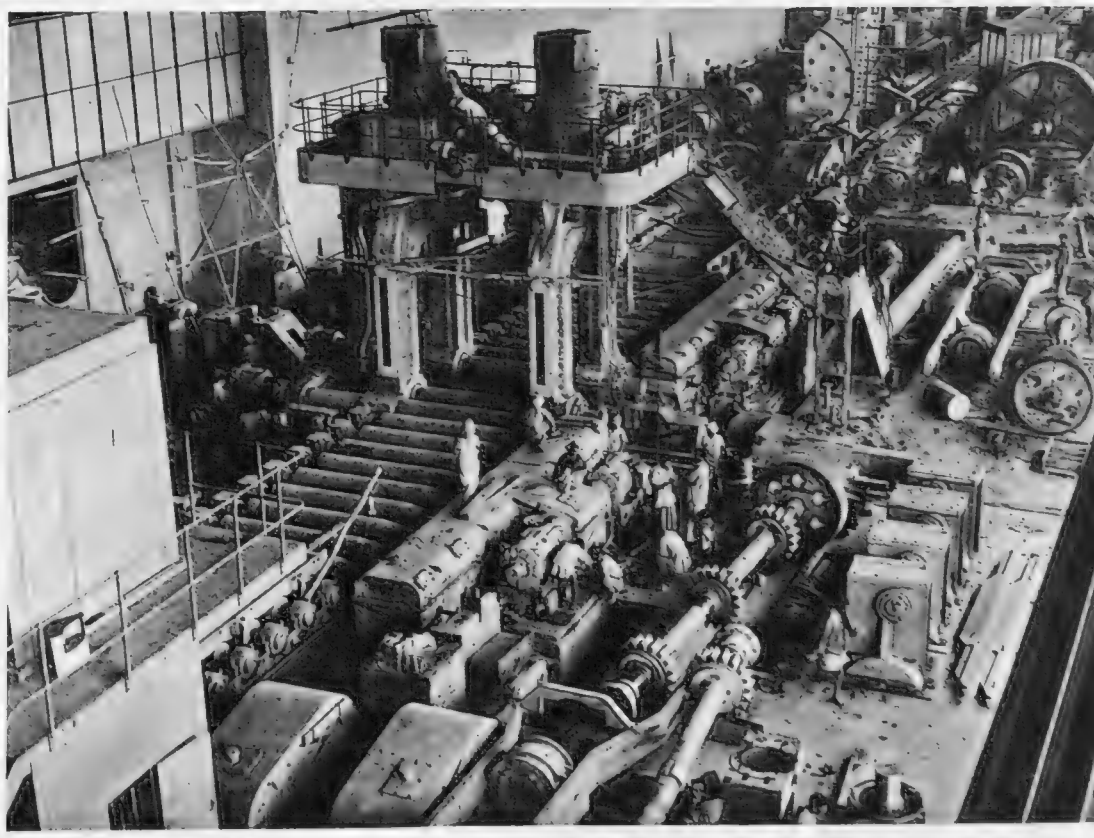
On right—

THE BLAST FURNACE AREA: Dominating the complicated site are three cooling towers. One blast furnace was finished during Stage One of the construction and the second is to be finished for Stage Two so as to provide additional quantities of hot metal for steel-making.



BY-PRODUCTS PLANT AT DURGAPUR: It is seen from the air. In the plant, gas, extracted from the coal in the coke ovens, is processed into tar, crude benzole and sulphate. The clean gas is then used throughout the works for heating purposes.

SIDE THE STEEL WORKS: A ladle of hot metal is delivered from the blast furnace to the pig casting plant. *Right*—The 42-in. blooming mill is part of Durgapur which is to be completed by the end of April. The mill gives the first rolling to the steel as it is moulded into the required sections.



The World of Books

MORE ABOUT THE MITFORDS

Miss Jessica Mitford's Autobiography; The Diaries of a French Literary Figure; The Faculty of Psychometry; A View of the African Problem; And Fiction of the Week

LONG before that tedious U and non-U business began, Miss Nancy Mitford wrote a book about some characters called "Hons" and some other beings often referred to as "horrible counter-Hons." Now comes a bombshell from a younger sister, Miss Jessica Mitford, who tells us that "Contrary to a recent historian's account of the origin of the Hons, the name derived, not from the fact that Debo and I were Honourables, but from the Hens which played so large a part in our lives . . . (The H of Hon, of course, is pronounced as in Hen.)" I rather like that "of course." Anyway, Miss Jessica Mitford's autobiography, HONS AND REBELS (Gollancz. 18s.), is by any odds the liveliest reading of the week. It is funny, persuasive, startling, irritating and never for a single line boring. One simple fact should be stated at this point. Those Mitford girls can certainly write. This new arrival in the writing lists has a style of her own but her verve and the detached enjoyment with which she chronicles the oddities of her, surely, rather unusual family recall her older sister, Nancy's, over and over again.

Jessica, it seems, was a Hon *and* a rebel. While still in her teens she eloped with her cousin, Esmond Romilly, a nephew of Winston Churchill's, and together they went to report the fighting in Spain, from the pro-Loyalist angle. On all counts this was the kind of thing to cause an unbridgeable rift between daughter and parents, and it was not for nineteen years that Miss Mitford visited her family home. By then she had lived in France, in New York and in Washington and her young husband had been killed quite early in the war. Throughout her story, and in spite of the natural gaiety with which she has treated it, there are constant glimpses of sorrow, even tragedy, as when her sisters, Diana and Unity, opted so strongly for Fascism, and Unity, who became a close friend of Hitler's, died of a gun wound. The main tone of the chronicle, however, is, as I have said, light-hearted, and I happily recommend this new proof that the daughters of Muv and Farve (alias *Fa* or *Uncle Matthew*) are of a very exceptional genus indeed.

One of the most curious of literary figures was Paul Léautaud, who died four years ago after a long life, the early part of it spent in the company of such luminaries as Rémy de Gourmont, Colette, Marie Laurençin, Huysmans, Gide, Apollinaire, and many others of like fame. He was associated with the newly-formed *Mercure de France* and, after producing a handful of books, relied more and more on that periodical for his expression, and on stray animals for his company, although he had had more than one well-known liaison. He was utterly unsentimental, a hater of cant and capable of a verbal thrust which could cut to the quick. In his preface Mr. Alan Pryce-Jones writes that "since his prose is as easy as Stendhal's, and his gift of phrase as pungent as that of Chamfort, what he says will not easily be forgotten." JOURNAL OF A MAN OF LETTERS (Chatto and Windus. 25s.) covers the period from 1898 to 1907, and the diaries have been translated by Mr. Geoffrey Sainsbury with high intelligence and discretion.

Mr. William King practises a strange but deeply fascinating profession. He is a clairvoyant who uses the science, or gift, of psychometry to tell people about themselves and, often, their futures, and to help them as far as he is able. Psychometry, as you probably know, is defined as: "The (alleged) faculty of divining, from physical contact or proximity only, the qualities or properties of an object, or of persons or things that have been in contact with it." From an extremely personal point of view, I would remove the word "alleged" from that definition. I have seen psychometry successfully and practically used more than once. Many years ago, I also consulted Mr. King myself and can remember to this day the truth and even the detailed exactness of his words and his predictions.

So, rather naturally, WILLIAM KING'S PROFESSION (Blond. 21s.) is a book which I have read with the closest attention. I can honestly add that I enjoyed it, too. Mr. Charles Drage tells the life-story of this exceptional man who was born of simple, sensible and devoted parents and began to earn his living in a modest way as an assistant at a linen draper's. His gift was not the kind of thing which could be hidden for long, though, and soon there were pressing requests from his friends, and then from their friends and acquaintances. to give them sittings. Finally, Mr. King adopted clairvoyance and psychometry as a whole-time career and, with some freely-admitted failures, has made a great success. Mr. Drage has written the biography with a studied lack of sensation. William King is not, in any case, a man who seeks the sensational. His story is all the more effective for that and I think you may find it almost as absorbing as I did.

A PLAY WRITTEN AT REHEARSAL: In the bar of the Theatre Royal, Stratford, East London, William Saroyan, the American author, corrects part of the script of his new play, *Sam, the Highest Jumper of Them All.* The play has been written by Mr. Saroyan during rehearsals at the Theatre. He has taken his inspiration from the actors and from Stratford. The play opens on April 6.

Mr. Jo Grimond and Mr. Aneurin Bevan have both praised a new book by Mr. John Stonehouse, M.P., writing of it respectively that "Mr. Stonehouse emerges as someone who has made practical efforts to build a better Africa, and is an engaging author into the bargain," and that his is a book "to be recommended to all who wish to obtain a thorough grasp of what is certain to be one of the outstanding international problems of the next decade." The book itself is PROHIBITED IMMIGRANT (Bodley Head. 21s.), and its author is a fairly young man who has lived for two years at a time in Uganda, knows Kenya well, too, and is, above all, interested in African problem from the point of view of the African. His writing is forceful, clear and provocative, but he knows his subject and, though not everyone will agree with his opinions (he was, in fact, deported from Northern Rhodesia exactly a year ago), there is no doubt at all that he is a writer, thinker and man of politics who should be taken with the utmost seriousness.

In the world of novelists, no one now writing understands or portrays the Suffolk scene or the Suffolk character more perceptively and, without sentiment, more sympathetically than Miss Doreen Wallace, whose latest book, MAYLAND HALL (Collins. 15s.), is the story of two families of vastly different means and opportunities but having in common a native county and, to a certain extent, a native habit of mind. This is a novel to be savoured and enjoyed slowly for its turns of speech (Miss Wallace has a wonderful ear); its moments of quiet beauty and its sensibility which is at least in a class with Mary Webb's, though with a less romantic expression.

FUEL FOR THE FLAME (Cassell. 18s.) is Mr. Evelyn Waugh's new novel and it has some relation to his amazingly successful *Island in the Sun*, in that the problem of race occupy at least a part of its argument. For the rest it is an exceptionally spirited story about the romance of the oil business and whatever is the exact reverse of romance; intrigue, conniving, ruthlessness and politics in the most debased form of the term. Because this is a novel by Mr. Waugh, the human element is tremendously important, and it is through the hopes, scruples, dedication or less attractive intentions of individuals that the plot unfolds. The scene is an imaginary island in the South China Sea, beautifully reported by a novelist who, in the manner of Mr. Graham Greene, is a perpetual peripatetic author. Each of them seems suited to the version of Traveller's Joy and each of them, in two fundamentally different ways, makes a reader's pleasure. If this novel of Mr. Waugh's isn't another best-seller I will eat a tiny, hat-shaped, edible replica of my hat.

OUT OF THIS WORLD (Collins. 15s.) is a novel by Mr. Ben Barzman, and it is quite an event. In the first place, it has originality. In the second, this is a story with a new kind of gimmick and I don't intend to diminish your pleasure by explaining just what kind of gimmick it is. The setting for Mr. Barzman's scientific, semi-romantic novel is the city which still has the greatest holding in romance of the world: Paris. Some of the scenes are a little removed from this city but all of them are described with enough comprehension and appreciation to give the reader a clue or two about Mr. Barzman's own recent whereabouts.

ALIBI FOR A JUDGE (Michael Joseph. 13s.) is a diverting study, by Henry Cecil, of a dilemma which a Justice turns detective. The learned judge in this case has become convinced of a prisoner's innocence after having sentenced him to ten years' imprisonment. He is not a particularly good judge but he is conscientious and he is also, and demonstrably, a worrier. The author has shown him in the throes of a process of mind, of science and heart, deciding for his own satisfaction if the man is guilty, then innocent, then guilty again. An effective legal *tour de force* and written with no legalistic pomposity.

Vernon Fane

The title of a review by Mr. John Gore in *The Sphere* of December 6, 1958, of Lucille Iremonger's book, *Love and the Princess*, has given rise to some misunderstanding. We wish to make it clear that the title was not intended to reflect upon Mrs. Iremonger's integrity, but upon that of the early nineteenth-century journalists referred to in the book.—*Editor.*

ASPECTS OF AFRICA

Books on the Kalahari Bushmen, the Mau Mau and Apartheid

Jens Bjerre, a Danish traveller whose writings and films have won him an international reputation within a period of a very few years, recently visited the inhospitable Kalahari Desert on a journey sponsored by the South African Museum, Cape Town, and the University of the Witwatersrand, Johannesburg. Four months of his time in the desert were spent at Samangeigei, one of the settlements of the Kung Bushmen, a Bushmen group who still exist in comparatively large numbers in north-west and central Kalahari. In his book, KALAHARI (Michael Joseph. 30s.), Hr. Bjerre reveals the natural and harmonious nature of their way of life. During his stay he never witnessed one quarrel among the Bushmen, a most surprising thing considering how closely they live together and that they have to share everything. The very fact that the Bushmen live so intimately appears to give them a feeling of mutual dependence and confidence.

From the example of their elders the young Bushmen learn the code of behaviour, which is the foundation of the clan's unity. If they were subject to rivalries and disputes, selfishness and greed between themselves, they would never be able to survive their arduous living conditions. In fact, the gravest offence a Bushman can commit is to fight someone in the clan. Jens Bjerre has written an inspiring and thought-provoking book, which reveals his own very high regard for the Bushmen and their way of life. His photographs express the richness which he found within the desert wastes of the Kalahari.

In his book GANGS AND COUNTER GANGS (Barrie and Rockliff. 25s.) Frank Kitson tells the story of his experiences in Kenya, where he was called upon to investigate the mystery that lay behind Mau Mau. The truth when it emerged was as simple as it was diabolical. The Kikuyu who joined Mau Mau perforce remained with it because they were incited to deeds that put them outside the tribe and its elders. Their course thereafter was to stay with their new and ruthless masters. It was Mr. Kitson's role while in Kenya to obtain vital information for tracking down the Mau Mau gangs. He faced the challenge of the situation with adaptability and enterprise; gallant and resourceful himself, he has once again shown that at a pinch the British Army can be a most versatile machine.

Alfred Hutchinson's ROAD TO GHANA (Gollancz. 18s.) also relates to the turmoil in Africa. The author was one of the accused in the Johannesburg treason trials, and he has written a book that has all the elements of a grand escape story, a travelogue, and a political testament rolled into one. *Road to Ghana* opens with a dramatic moment when the South African Attorney-General withdrew the first indictment and the accused trooped out of court mystified and apparently free. Mr. Hutchinson describes the bewilderment with which the accused returned to their homes. He was to be arrested a day or two later that the Special Branch was on his tail for failing to carry a pass. How the author jumped bail and headed north for Ghana, with the ports and airports closed to him, and the Special Branch on the watch, is a dramatic story. But more than that it reveals all the savagery of apartheid in action. It is a record both of brutality and stupidity, of slavery and oppression, and it is extremely well set down.

"LET WHO WILL, BE CLEVER"

Two vivid memories of my Victorian childhood stand out : the Sunday walk to Eversley Church in top hat and Eton jacket from St. Neot's, my private school, and the fierce argumentation of my father and uncles on questions of the hour which then (and still) seemed to me to call for less squandering of energy. From what did those Victorians derive their extraordinary vigour ? How dry to-day are the bones they growled over so fiercely ! Of course, I enjoyed with great interest R. B. Martin's DUST OF COMBAT (Faber. 25s.), and from it I judge that Charles Kingsley just failed to make the grade among his very illustrious contemporaries, as novelist, historian and churchman, and that the two great mistakes of his reasonably successful and happy life were accepting the Chair of History at Cambridge and trouncing Newman. He owed a lot to the Prince Consort and Queen Victoria, and still more to his shrewd cultivation of other and greater men's flowers. As a family man, he was post-Victorian; professionally, he was the Victorian prototype. I never cared for his novels. With all its maddening sentimentality and asides, I still think his poor brother Henry's *Ravenshoe* worth the whole of his output.

Bramshill and the Copes, the Stapletons and the Martineaus were still familiar names when I was at St. Neot's under Locke in the late '90's, and one more memory comes to mind. As we " crocodiled " in summer to church, it was our habit to pluck ears of barley and let them run up inside our shirt-sleeves. When sermon-time arrived, they had reached our armpits, and set up a sharp irritation. The same sort of irritation returned as I read this well-documented and (apart from those dry-bone religious controversies) amusing biography. It irritates me to think that that unique mental vigour of our Victorian forbears was squandered on such subjects. It would be so intensely valuable to-day if it could be directed on our problems. Kingsley did " noble deeds," though certainly he was clever, too. I don't know that he made life one grand, sweet song. I am prejudiced perhaps against Victorian whiskers and Victorian busybodies who could never leave their fellows to go to Heaven or to the devil in their own way in religious matters.

UNFINISHED SYMPHONY

The wrapper does not exaggerate when it stresses the charm of Gilbert Murray's unfinished autobiography which forms a part of GILBERT MURRAY (Allen and Unwin. 25s.), a composition by various hands. The account of his Australian upbringing, his family and school life, is as beautifully written as it is a joy to read. As, indeed, you would expect from a great scholar who derived his style, his taste, his sense of beauty, from the purest sources. Non-scholars need not fear to read of his days as a teacher. So many ignoramuses have " done Greek " with him, and without fears, through his translations, and passed through the magic door he opened so widely. Moreover, he had all the humility of true greatness; a charming man, a delightful and humorous companion for young and old, the simple and the sage, always *conscius recti*, always tolerant. The testimony of Bertrand Russell is convincing. If Murray, in common with most of his contemporaries who played their parts in international affairs of our time, suffered disappointments, he was never disillusioned, never soured.

His long life is a still unfinished symphony, his pleasant voices and his nightingales are still awake, lightening our darkness. I delighted in this record of his life and work for peace and for culture and beauty in a world which had turned again to barbarism.

John Gore

Ion L. Idriess is the historian of the Australian Outback, and whether he is prospecting among the old-time prospectors of the far north, recording the mining history of Broken Hill, or among the pearl-hunters of the Coral Sea, he always has a lively anecdote to tell. His latest book, THE TIN SCRATCHERS (Angus and Robertson. 21s.), takes us among the hard-bitten pioneers of the tinfields in the Cape York Peninsula some half-century ago. He suggests the Australian Government's neglect of this area has been a serious failing, for there are well-watered lands there, and there is timber in plenty. It is the author's prophecy that the Cape York Peninsula will " come again."

Roderic Owen, like Ion Idriess, is a traveller with the happy knack of involving the reader in refreshing and often bizarre situations, usually sharply revealing of people and places. His latest book, AWAY TO EDEN (Hutchinson. 25s.), starts with a visit to the supposed site of the Garden of Eden, takes the reader to the Trucial Coast, then across to Pakistan, to the ruins of Mohenjodaro, on to the Khyber Pass and so into the Hindu Kush. This is breath-taking stuff from an Old Etonian who writes about all he sees with a fine flourish and a lively imagination.

FISHING AS WE FIND IT (Stanley Paul. 16s.) is a joint effort by Moray McLaren and Major-General N. Stewart. This first-rate fishing talk is arranged in the form of letters between the two authors, and it is a most enjoyable and instructive book. **R. C. E.**

A WEEK-END IN A COUNTRY CARAVAN: Clemence Dane stands on the platform of one of her three caravans, drawn up on a narrow strip of land beside a cornfield in West Sussex, between Chichester and Midhurst. *Left*— Inside the caravan Miss Dane draws back a curtain. The famous authoress escapes to the caravans from her London home in order to be able to write in peace and quiet. The gipsy caravans, one of which is her painting room, have been repainted, and plumbing and electricity fitted. But there is no telephone. It is possible that two at least of the vehicles may be over a hundred years old. One of them was used by a bird-watcher to study herons fishing, and still bears the name-plate The Herons. As Miss Dane herself says, the caravans must be old to judge from the incessant repairs that have to be made to them. From the windows there is a view over the South Downs, with, in the distance, over the hills, Goodwood Racecourse. Not far away is Cowdray Park. Miss Dane, whose first novel was published in 1917, is busy at work on two plays for television and one for sound broadcasting. One of her best-known novels, *Broome Stages*, was reprinted at the beginning of last month by Heinemann.

MATTERS OF LITERARY MOMENT

On right—
GEORGES SIMENON IN LONDON : At Claridge's Hotel, the detective story-writer and his wife talk with Mr. Ronald Waldman (right), General Manager of the B.B.C.-TV. Promotions department. M. Simenon was in London to discuss arrangements about the series of one-hour television programmes for the B.B.C. and the world market, based on the stories featuring Inspector Maigret. Last December the B.B.C. produced *Maigret and the Lost Life*, the first Simenon story to be televised. The rights to the stories have been obtained by Winwell Productions and the series of programmes will be produced by the B.B.C. TV. Drama Department.

PROVING BRITAIN'S LATEST AIRLINER: Passengers are disembarking from a Vickers Vanguard at Zurich Airport during a proving flight on a BEA route. In the background is a Vickers Viscount. The Vanguard has been undergoing a series of proving flights on BEA routes and demonstration flights in America. *Left* is a close-up view of the two port Rolls-Royce Tyne engines of the new airliner. Between them they develop 10,000 h.p. and help to give the aircraft a service speed of 425 m.p.h. The Vanguard can carry up to 139 passengers and about 8,000 lb. of freight. With a wingspan of 118 ft. and a fuselage length of almost 123 ft., the airliner can operate from a 2,150-yard runway in normal weather conditions and at maximum take-off weight. She has a range of 2,600 miles with reserve fuel for one hour's holding at 5,000 ft. and a diversion of 230 miles. The Vanguard has a double-deck fuselage, the lower one for freight and the upper for passengers. The makers, Vickers-Armstrongs (Aircraft) Ltd., claim that the introduction of the airliner should result in reduced fares and freight charges. Passenger rates of 3d. per mile in Europe are said to be economically feasible. In addition, it is stated that the Vanguard has proved as fast, if not faster, than jet aircraft on stages of up to 500 miles. After further proving flights, the Vanguard is due to enter service with BEA in July.

Proving and Training

The Vanguard at Zurich; the R.A.F. in Libya

On right—

AN AIRMAN RETURNS TO THE LIBYAN DESERT: Air Vice-Marshal Peter Wykeham poses beside his Whirlwind helicopter near the spot at Tobruk where, in the Second World War, he landed by parachute after baling out of his Hurricane fighter. Then a Squadron Leader, he had been in a dog-fight. Afterwards he continued to command his Squadron, No. 73, the only remaining fighter squadron in Tobruk, until his last plane had been destroyed. He is now Air Officer Commanding No. 38 Group, the R.A.F.'s new tactical transport group, and was in Libya as a joint commander of Exercise "Starlight," the largest Army-R.A.F. exercise ever held outside Britain. In ten days about 3,500 men and 120 vehicles flew the 2,000 miles from Lyneham, in Wiltshire, to El Adem, the men travelling in four of the twenty-three Britannias now in service. It is stated that by using all the Britannias and Comets available 3,000 men could have been flown to El Adem in one day, but Transport Command had to continue its normal duties. Other aircraft used were twelve Beverleys, employed to ferry vehicles, guns and stores from El Adem to an airstrip 50 miles to the west. This operation was carried out because no surface transport was allowed between these two points.

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FROM TAXES TO TUNNELS

Motorists' Claims to Budget Concessions; American "Dream Car"; Carburettor Icing; Tiny Glass Spheres; British Ultimatum on Motor-racing; the Channel Tunnel and Tunnels in the Alps

By "THE SPHERE" MOTORING CORRESPONDENT

MONDAY is Budget Day. Will the motorist get any relief from the duty of 2s. 6d. a gallon on petrol, or from the 50 per cent. purchase tax on new cars? At the time of writing it seems doubtful, and I don't suppose anything I can say at this stage is likely to influence the Chancellor of the Exchequer. The claims of road transport for taxation relief have been ably expressed in a memorandum to Mr. Heathcoat Amory by the British Road Federation, representing more than 100 trade associations and 250,000 firms operating road vehicles. They have called on the Chancellor to cut road-user taxation by a third: by lowering petrol duty to 1s. 6d. a gallon and reducing purchase tax on cars to 30 per cent. (with a corresponding cut for motor-cycles). In 1959, road-user taxes yielded £564,000,000. Only £84.7 millions were spent on roads and 85 per cent. was used for general Exchequer purposes compared with 3 per cent. in Western Germany, 58 per cent. in Belgium and France and 63 per cent. in Italy.

An interesting design exercise has been announced by the Chrysler Corporation. Their De Soto division has evolved a "dream car" using revolutionary new fuel cells to generate current for four electric motors, one driving each wheel. Such a car is a long way off. Many problems will have to be solved before we are offered that kind of motoring. Fuel cells of light weight and high output will have to be developed, and there would be need for a really lightweight, high-capacity battery. Means will have to be found for the proper storage of the hydrogen and oxygen gases which have to be supplied to the fuel cells to produce electricity. The two gases are fed to two electrodes immersed in an electrolyte and current is generated by chemical reaction.

The De Soto Cella—to give the car its official name—would have an ingenious form of regenerative braking by which the heat-energy produced by the car's deceleration, even in traffic, would be converted into electricity and fed into the reserve batteries. These would supply surplus current to the electric wheel-motors to lessen the load on the fuel cells.

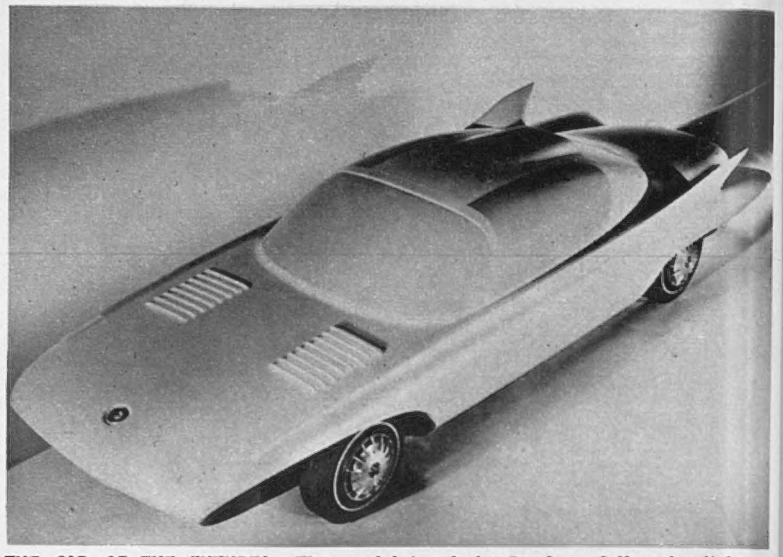
Does your car ever lose its power suddenly? And does it mysteriously recover after you have stopped to look under the bonnet to try to see what is wrong? If so, you have a right to suspect carburettor icing. It is a malady which does not occur when the weather is Arctic and the roads are covered with ice. It usually happens when an air temperature of 10 to 15 degrees Fahrenheit above freezing coincides with excessive humidity. In these conditions your carburettor is inclined to imitate the domestic refrigerator.

When the highly volatile petrol vaporises, it absorbs heat from the metal of the carburettor and, in consequence, makes this metal very cold. As the carburettor sucks in air, the moisture in it freezes and a deposit of ice forms in the choke tube. This restricts the air intake and creates an excessively rich mixture. But before this extreme condition develops, you can get trouble when the throttle is only partly open, as the idling and slow-running jets get choked with ice. The oil companies use additives to minimise the risk of this happening, but car manufacturers—B.M.C. and Fiat among them—are beginning to arrange things so that the moisture-laden air is heated by the exhaust manifold before it reaches the air intake.

When next I sip a glass of champagne I shall recall with pleasure a memorable experience during my return drive from the Geneva Motor Show. I stayed the night at Rheims, favourite stopping-place of many British tourists motoring in France, and on the following day accepted an invitation to visit the caves and vineyards of the famous champagne firm of Lanson Père et Fils. There was a special reason: Lansons are this year celebrating their 200th anniversary. As M. Victor Lanson, the present proprietor, took me along the dimly-lit, labyrinthine underground tunnels where millions of bottles of bubbly are preparing themselves to give health-giving, morale-boosting pleasure, I wondered anew at the enormous and little-appreciated trouble the makers of champagne have to take in the years between the harvesting of the grape and the sale of the distinctively-shaped bottles whose corks go "pop." After taking a look in the sunshine at the carefully-tended Lanson vineyards on the slopes of the Montagne de Rheims, M. Lanson took me for lunch to a delightful restaurant at Etouvilles, near Laon. It is the Hostellerie Bon Accueil, and I can recommend it. I need not tell you what we had to drink.

The use of reflective materials which "light up" when the headlights of a car shine on them is playing an increasingly important part in the promotion of road safety in Britain. The best-known examples are the Scotchlite direction signs of the kind used so effectively on M 1 and the reflective plastic lines "painted" on thousands of miles of road surface. In both cases the secret of the magically brilliant reflective quality of the material employed is the use of microscopically tiny glass spheres. In the case of Scotchlite these "beads" are so small that 1,000 of them can be accommodated in the space occupied by the head of a normal-sized pin. They are made under a secret formula at only two places in the world: at St. Paul, Minnesota, headquarters of the Scotchlite firm, the Minnesota Mining and Manufacturing Co., and at their factory in Gorseinnon, in South Wales.

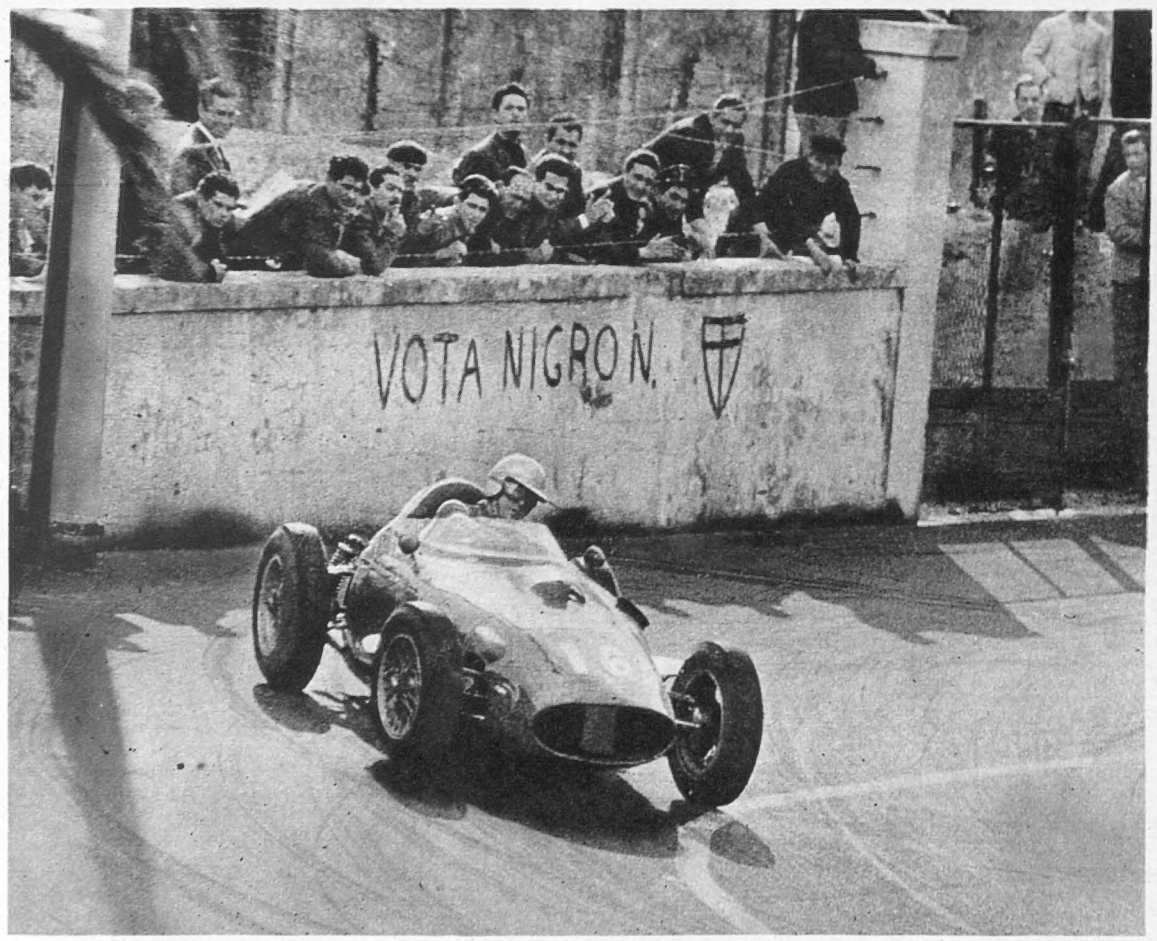
The latest use found for these optically perfect spheres is in the provision of coloured road surfaces which look the same both in daylight and in the headlights of a car at night. Successful experiments have already been carried out in the U.S. In this application the Scotchlite "beads" are incorporated in tiny, irregularly-shaped granules known as "Scotchrok" which can be made to reflect white, yellow or blue.



THE CAR OF THE FUTURE?: The model is of the De Soto Cella, the "dream car" of the Chrysler Corporation. Power comes from four electric motors driven by fuel cells operating on supplies of hydrogen and oxygen.

A big question mark hangs over motor racing in 1961. The formula under which the drivers' world championship is decided is due to change next year from the current 2½-litre formula to one of only 1½ litres, the present Formula Two. This was decided by the Commission Sportif of the Fédération Internationale de l'Automobile, the world's controlling body for motor sport. Their decision was greeted with violent criticism by racing drivers, who said the use of such small cars would ruin motor racing as a spectacle and would certainly not afford the greater safety suggested by the C.S.I.

This view has now been dramatically endorsed by the whole structure of motor racing in Britain: the firms who build racing cars, the oil companies who finance the sport, the component firms who support it and the leading drivers' organisation. At a meeting held under the august auspices of the Society of Motor Manufacturers they issued what amounts to an ultimatum: that unless the C.S.I. changes its mind and lets the present 2½-litre formula continue for at least three more years they will boycott the 1½-litre championship programme and stage a world championship programme of their own, based on the results of races for 2½-litre cars. As I write this, the reaction of the C.S.I. is awaited with interest, to say the least.



THE SYRACUSE GRAND PRIX: W. von Trips, in a Ferrari, takes a sharp corner in the race for Formula II cars. Gaining the lead in the twenty-seventh lap from Stirling Moss, who was forced to retire with mechanical trouble in his Porsche, von Trips won the race. The World Champion, Jack Brabham, also retired. In second place was M. Trintignant, driving a Cooper-Climax. Third place was taken by Gendebien, who was also in a Cooper-Climax.

Let 's talk about tunnels .... The newspapers have had a lot to report about quite a number of them in recent weeks. First, the Channel Tunnel. The long-awaited report of the international study group which has been studying the project is expected very soon. It will probably recommend that with appropriate tolls it could be made to pay even at its estimated construction cost of £120,000,000. The idea is that it should be 40 miles long, running from near Folkestone to a point midway between Calais and Boulogne. Through two main shafts the British and French railway systems would jointly operate 15-minute services with double-deck, electric, 60 m.p.h. trains with accommodation for 300 cars.

Two great road tunnels are being blasted through the Alps. The 7½-mile tunnel under Mont Blanc, from near Chamonix, in France, to Entrèves, in Italy, was started in May last year and is due for completion in the summer of 1962 at a cost of £5,500,000. The four-mile-long Great St. Bernard Tunnel, started in 1958, may be opened next year to speed traffic from St. Pierre, in France, to St. Rhémy, in Italy. Estimated cost is £3.7 millions. Here in Britain a £3.9 millions tender has been accepted for the actual tunnelling work in duplicating the Blackwall Tunnel under the Thames (the total cost of which will be over £7,000,000). The work will start in April and take forty-two months.

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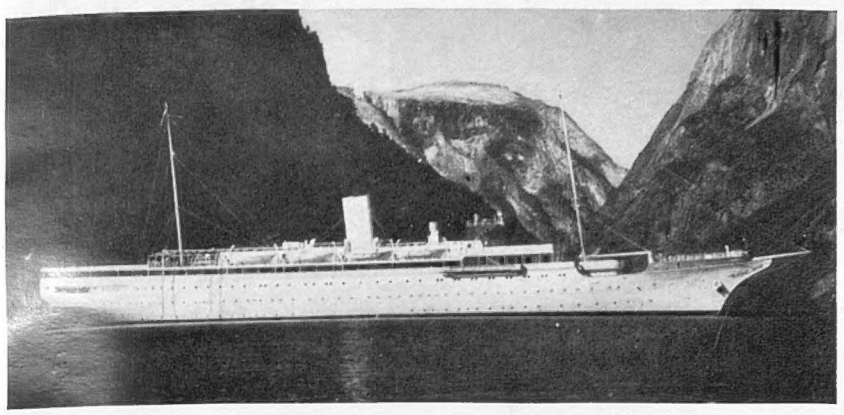

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FAMOUS NAMES IN THE ROYAL NAVY

THE 'ROYAL' SHIPS

Although there is no ship named after the sovereign in the present active list, the names of 'royal' ships have graced naval records since the earliest times. Queen Elizabeth, Royal Sovereign, King George V and Prince of Wales are among recent ones. The illustration reconstructs (from the 13th century seals of maritime towns and other contemporary material) the appearance of the King's great ship QUEEN, one of the first in the Navy and mentioned in the Patent Rolls of 1225. The Royal Standard and streamer of St. George are at the main and flying from the after-castle is the blue and gold banner of St. Edmund, patron saint of sailors.